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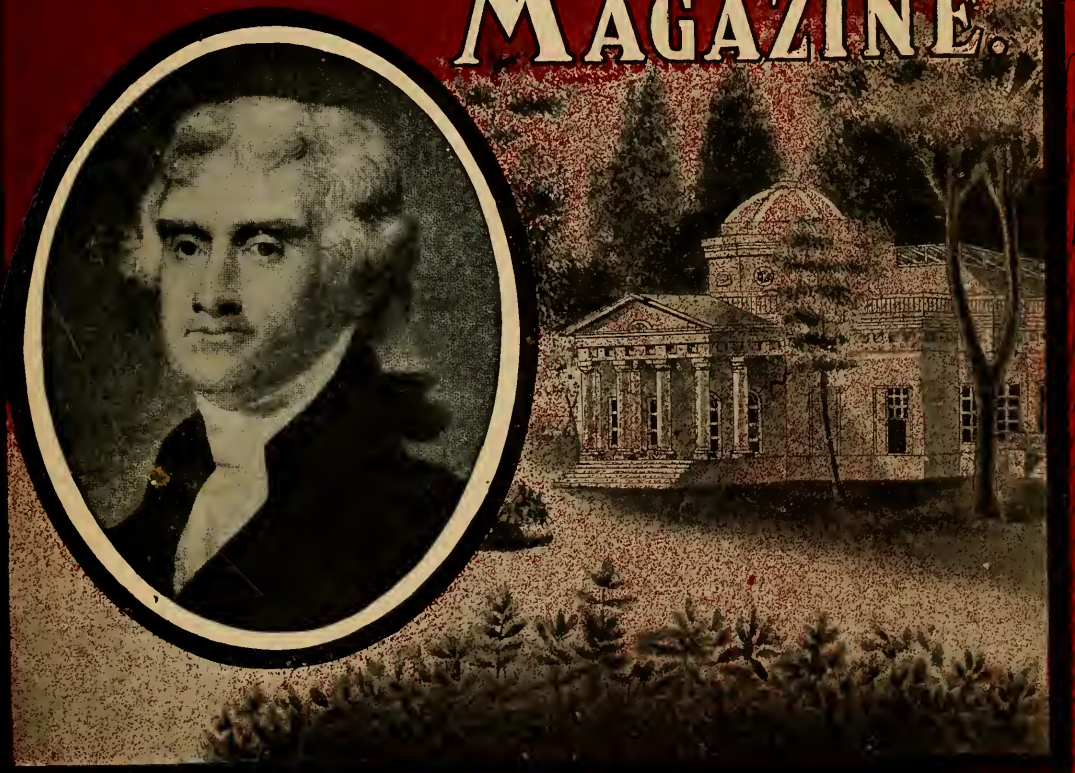

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Vol. II JUNE, 1908 No. 6

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THE TOILERS

A giant, the dupe of Circumstance and man,
Bowed 'neath his brother's passion, pomp and greed,
Serf to Almighty Dollar's sordid clan,
Whipped to his task by loved ones' urgent need:
He bears the chains of Custom, Creed, and Law,
Starvation the gaunt partner of his hut,
Goaded by her, he bursts these bonds as straw,
When fed he meekly crawls back to his rut.

—E. McElroy Ryan.

WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. II JUNE, 1908 No. 6

Editorials

THE CATHOLIC HIERARCHY AND POLITICS

During the year 1906, when the French Ministry was bringing about a separation of Church and State, in order that the French Republic might occupy practically the same ground upon which our forefathers reared our own government, the temper and the strength of the Catholic Church in America was demonstrated in a manner which ought to have aroused much more attention than it did. In New York, Washington City, and other great centers of population, indignation meetings were held, in which our sister republic, France, was denounced in the most violent language for doing precisely what the founders of our government did at the beginning.

The greatest mistake of Napoleon Bonaparte was the Concordat of 1801, in which he came to an agreement with Pope Pius VII, which virtually chained France once more to Superstition, Idolatry and Priest-rule. In addition to power, the Catholic hierarchy were given annually ten million dollars from the national treasury. This money, of course, was raised by taxation. Therefore, every Frenchman, whether a believer in Christ, or not,—whether Catholic, or anti-Catholic, —was compelled to contribute towards the support of a specially favored priesthood. In the course of time this situation became intolerable. One of the disastrous consequences of the Concordat which Napoleon concluded with the Pope, was the Prussian war of 1870, which was precipitated by that bigoted dupe of her confessor, the Empress Eugenie. The politicians of the Vatican bitterly hated Prussia, first, because it was a Protestant country, and second, because it opposed the Jesuits; and, manipulating the French government through the Empress, France was precipitated into a conflict for which she was not prepared, and in which she was crushed.

It was not, however, until Clemenceau became a member of the French Cabinet, that the formal abrogation of the treaty which Napoleon had made with the Pope was attempted. After the bitterest opposition, in which the priesthood resorted to all of their various pious

frauds and complicated wire-pulling, the French government succeeded in putting the Catholic church on the same footing occupied by all other churches in France. In this struggle, the Roman hierarchy was actuated by the most sordid motives. They did not want to lose that ten million dollars per year, and they did not want to lose the political power and prestige which their alliance with the government gave them. They angrily resented the idea of occupying precisely the same ground as that occupied by all other churches. They wanted special privilege in France, and they fought stubbornly to maintain it.

The wily politicians of the Vatican made the most of the immense progress of Catholicism in America. The purpose was to throw the public opinion of the United States in the scales against the French government. Our Vice-President, Mr. Fairbanks, so far forgot the proprieties, that he attended, in Washington City, one of the meetings in which a friendly government was outrageously misrepresented and abused. Not a word of protest or disclaimer did the Vice-President utter.

During this agitation, Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, a Jesuit and an Ultramontane, was conspicuous for the violence and the untruthfulness of his public statements. He boldly declared that the French Ministry hated God and were making war upon religion. Of course, the cardinal knew that these statements were false. The cardinal very well knew that those who were bringing about the separation of Church and State in France were, as a rule, Catholics themselves, and they were simply combatting clericalism and the special privilege which had been given by law to the Catholic priesthood.

Bishop Keiley, of the diocese of Savannah, Georgia, felt it his duty to declare that if the State of Georgia should pass a law interfering with the church duties of a Catholic, "I would be the first to announce that I expected the people in my diocese to break the law. The Pope is supreme and has authority from God, and no true believer would hesitate whether to obey the law of God or man. It would not be necessary for me to make any announcement, however; for, if the United States should attempt anything like France is doing, the Catholics would rise of their own accord and remove the bigots from power. The Catholic Church needs no secular arm to protect it."

Here we have the same spirit of clerical pride, arrogance and assumption of identity with God, which, in the old days, when men were more superstitious, ignorant and idolatrous than now, compelled a German emperor to stand bare-footed three days in the snow, knocking in vain for permission to enter Canossa and plead his case with the Pope.

The Bishop of Savannah is as much a supreme power as the Bishop of Rome, for all historical students are well aware of the fact that the Pope is simply the head of the Church *by Clerical usurpation*, and that in fact he is the Bishop of Rome, just as Keiley is the Bishop of Savannah. One of them has as much authority from God as the other.

Those who have carefully watched the course of events, of late years, have not been slow to realize that in every great city of this Union the Catholic hierarchy controls. The political alliance between the saloon-

keeper and the priest is an open secret, and it is largely responsible for the utter corruption that marks municipal politics everywhere.

Cardinal Gibbons himself has been unpleasantly conspicuous during recent years, and has been vehemently suspected of making political deals, first with one of the old parties and then with the other. It would be interesting history if we could learn by what methods Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland have been able to secure for their Church so many millions of dollars of public money on the strength of petitions signed with the rude marks of wandering Indians. If the manner in which the Catholic Church draws money from the National Treasury to support its denominational schools among the Indians is not a violation of both the letter and the spirit of our constitution, then there can be no case cited which would be an outrage upon that fundamental law.

In the City of Washington itself, the Catholic institutions are constantly drawing money from the public funds. In one instance, which occurred a few years ago, it was claimed, upon what appeared to be convincing evidence, that these appropriations were obtained from the Republican leaders upon the distinct promise that in thirty doubtful congressional districts the Catholics should be ordered to vote the Republican ticket. It is a coincidence, which may or may not be significant, that the Catholics *did* get those appropriations for their Washington institutions, and that the Republicans *did* carry those thirty doubtful districts.

In the spectacular quarrel and correspondence which broke out between President Roosevelt and Bellamy Storer and his wife, "dear Maria", anyone who wanted to get at the true significance of the situation could readily see that while Mr. Roosevelt was Governor of New York his relations with Archbishop Ireland had been exceedingly close, and that after Roosevelt became President he wanted to use all of his influence with the Pope to have something good done for the archbishop; but "dear Maria", forgetting Talleyrand's famous caution to his diplomatic agents, displayed *zeal*. She was imprudent; talked too much; was too active; created scandal in diplomatic circles. The natural result was that Bellamy and "dear Maria" both were given a sharp call-down, and were loudly disavowed and repudiated.

We all remember how Grover Cleveland became President. The luckless Burchard, making a perfunctory talk in the presence of Mr. Blaine, declared that the three evils from which this country had suffered most were "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion." Within twenty-four hours, every Catholic voter in New York had received his orders from the hierarchy to vote against Blaine. Cleveland was declared to have carried the State of New York, which gave him the presidency, but it is a mooted question to this day as to whether the Catholic politicians of Tammany Hall did not steal the majority for him.

As to Tammany Hall itself, which has been the dictator in National Democratic Conventions and the despot of local politics in New York City, it is nothing in the world but the Catholic hierarchy allied to the bar-room interests, thus controlling the city. Recently they have in-

creased the city debt by the enormous sum of $356,000,000. This great metropolis of America is but a huge carcass, upon which Tammany and the Catholic hierarchy feed, and in which such exploiters of franchise privileges as Thomas F. Ryan grow enormously wealthy at the expense of the common people.

Only a few weeks ago, Anthony Comstock, acting at the instigation of the Catholic priests, arrested a vender of newspapers, upon the ground that the papers which he was selling were abusive of the Pope. If our press were not itself in deadly fear of the stealthy influence of the Catholic hierarchy, this act, which violates the freedom of the press, would have been denounced in thunder tones from one end of the country to the other. As it is, not a whisper has been heard. Denounce the President as much as you like; distort his countenance and character by caricature and cartoon; lie about him to any extent that you please; abuse Protestant preachers and Protestant bishops to the extent that your malice suggests. Nobody will interfere—the freedom of the press protects you; but it would seem that in New York there is to be one great and glorious exception. The Pope is to be immaculate, as well as infallible, and whoever dares to print and circulate anything against him, or his system, is to be treated as a criminal.

I think I state the exact truth when I say that I am free from religious bigotry. I have no prejudice whatever against any citizen because of his religious faith. I have the utmost respect for the individual Catholic who honestly believes in his creed; but the difference between one church organization and another may be a matter of extreme political importance, and I cannot understand how any student, conversant with political history, can be indifferent to the peculiar hierarchy of the Catholic Church. No other church organization claims to exercise the right to say what books its members shall read. No other church openly takes part in political affairs. No other church sends and receives ambassadors. No other church holds a court, at which royal ceremonials is observed, embassies from foreign governments received, and far-reaching questions of international policy debated and decided. There is not a government of the civilized world, at whose capital the Catholic Church is not represented by a resident agent. No question of national policy, which may directly or indirectly affect the Catholic Church, is decided upon until the Pope has been consulted. Throughout the civilized world run the threads of papal diplomacy, and the most prominent feature of recent political progress has been the wonderful success of Catholic statesmanship.

In Spain the progressive elements have striven in vain to shake off the yoke of Rome. In Portugal mediaevalism is still an anomaly and an abomination. In Austria Catholicism is as supreme as it was in the days when the Jesuits and the Inquisition met and turned back the reformation of Huss, Wyclif, Calvin and Luther. In France, it is true, clericalism has been unhorsed. In Italy, where the Pope is seen at close range, and where the workings of the heirarchy are known intimately, the people have shown a determined inclination to revolt against Vat-

ican tyranny. Recently the Catholics of the city of Rome itself elected to the mayoralty a man who is at once a declared enemy of the Catholic Church, a Mason who occupies a high office in the order, and who is, besides, a Jew. In fact, the double lives led by the Roman Conclave, and the deep duplicity and selfishness which mark the policies of the Vatican, are so well known in Italy, and so thoroughly detested, that the secular arm of the State has been necessary to the protection of the lives of the priests.

On the other hand, the German emperor, like his remote predecessor, has been made to go to Canossa. The laws which expelled the Jesuits have been repealed. The growth of democracy in the empire has been so phenomenal that the shrewd politicians of the Catholic Church took advantake of the helplessness of the government, forced an alliance upon it, and thus got for themselves what they wanted, while giving to the government the majorities needful to the passage of governmental measures.

In Protestant England the Catholic Church is now the power behind the throne. The most influential members of the aristocracy are devoted Catholics. The trend of conversion among the very rich English lords is distinctly towards the Catholic Church. When Thomas F. Bayard, ambassador from the United States to the Court of St. James, gave his first grand banquet to the nobility of Great Britain, not a singie Protestant divine was invited. Catholic cardinals were there, upon equal footing with the Prince of Wales, but no man of God tainted with the touch of the Reformation was present.

That the secret influence of the Roman hierarchy controls Congress is shown by facts which cannot be disputed, and which cannot otherwise be explained. Why was it that the school teachers in New Mexico could not be instructed to teach the English language in the public schools? Why was it that the continued and exclusive use of the Spanish language was sanctioned by law in this American territory? The English language was objectionable to the Catholic hierarchy, because it would carry with it the knowledge of the English Bible; and the Catholic Church did not want any Protestant Bibles in New Mexico. By teaching Spanish in New Mexico, the Catholic Church preserves its monopoly, and our cowardly politicians voted as the priests demanded that they should.

McKinley's Cabinet was partly Catholic, and the influence which the Pope exerted upon that administration was shown by the way in which the War Department hastened to grant to the Catholics a portion of the national domain at West Point. They asked for some of the Government land to build a church on, and they got it. Other denominations outnumbered the Catholics at West Point, but these other denominations have not been able to get any of the national property.

Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet is partly Catholic. Attorney General Bonaparte was probably the selection of Cardinal Gibbons for that high position, and it is probable that the secret of why the Department of Justice does not bring Edward H. Harriman and Thomas F. Ryan

to the bar, and punish them for crimes which they have notoriously committed, is that these two gigantic criminals are both liberal friends of the Catholic hierarchy. Ryan gave a million dollars for the building of the Catholic cathedral in Richmond, Va., and Harriman's gifts to the Church are on a scale of the same calculating generosity.

Wherever the Catholic Church controls, it persecutes. No Protestant can safely preach or sell Bibles in Spain, or in Portugal, or in South America. This could not be done in Mexico until the revolt of the Liberals against the Clericals. It was not until Mexico threw off priest-rule that she began to make those magnificent strides upward and onward, which have excited the admiration of the world.

As an evidence of the intolerance of the Catholic Church when it has full sway, remember that it was made a felony in Italy to read or to vend the works of Charles Dickens. He had visited Italy; had been shocked at the poverty of the people, the tyranny of the priests, the idolatry and superstition which prostituted the name of religion; and he wrote a description of conditions as he saw them, just as he wrote about the United States, and about his own country.

In the Philippine Islands, shortly before their occupation by the Americans, torture was applied to captives and to heretics, in the same manner that it was applied by the Inquisition to heretics in the Middle Ages. Only a few years ago, the Literary Digest, of New York, copied an article from a leading paper in South America, in which the Inquisition was eulogized in the highest terms, and the rack, the wheel and the stake were hysterically praised.

In Canada, a few years ago, a Catholic newspaper of liberal tendencies ventured to act independently of the hierarchy, and to oppose the Church on some questions of policy concerning the schools. The hierarchy was so powerful that it actually compelled the postal authorities to exclude the offending newspaper from the mails. The Canadian Government did not dare to punish these insolent priests, who had violated Canadian laws and destroyed legitimate mail.

Quite recently, the present Pope, or Bishop of Rome, has declared war upon what he calls "Modernism." He is alarmed at the growth of independent thought. His purpose is that which has ever actuated the head of a hierarchy. He wishes to discourage research, to check inquiry, and to fasten again the rebellious minds of men to the old, old orthodoxy, which was never so happy as when the world took in a literal sense the clerical admonition that men should become as children. Papal endorsement has been given unreservedly to the dogma that the Protestant religion is *not better than no religion at all.* The papal position is that Protestantism must be uprooted and cast out as a damnable heresy. And, in plain terms, he says that Catholicism must carry out its mission *"even to the shedding of blood."*

Thus the spirit of Torquemada and of Alva is abroad again!

Where a church claims and exercises the right to exert political in-

fluence, it behooves good citizens to study the history of that church and the tendency of its teachings.

To judge a tree by its fruits is a fair rule. Now that the Catholic Church is likely to take such a controlling part in our national affairs, it is well that we should ask ourselves a few questions.

When and where has the Roman Catholic Church done anything for the masses of the people—for the sacred cause of freedom of labor, freedom of vote, freedom of speech, freedom of thought, or freedom of conscience?

When has it ever failed to side with enthroned tyranny as against Reform,—from the days of Philip II, when it burnt one hundred thousand men who dared to think for themselves, down to the day in 1896, when the Pope's blessing was breathed upon the Spanish flag, and his prayers went with the troops who were to burn Cuban houses and fields, torture and slay Cuban patriots, insult and outrage Cuban maids and matrons, and make a smoking hell of a country whose people demanded no more than the Catholics of Ireland demanded of Protestant England, and upon far better grounds?

To the very last, the Catholic Church stood by the institution of slavery, and was the last to give up her slaves. To the very last, the Catholic Church opposed freedom of conscience and of worship. To the very last, it opposed the separation of Church and State. To the very last, it opposed the general education of the masses, and is to-day the mortal enemy of the public schools. To the very last, it opposed self-government by the people, and is to-day the staunch defender of the "Divine Right of Kings."

A very particular reason why the people of this country should be concerned about the startling growth of Catholic power is that the Catholic Church boasts that it never changes. The good Catholic claims to-day that the Pope is infallible, and that all the Popes have been true and worthy vice-gerents of Christ.

He claims that the Protestant is a heretic, and he believes that it would be a mercy to bind him upon a jagged iron wheel and beat said heresy out of him with a club.

He believes that his priest can pardon sin and that money liberally spent in buying prayers can lift the sinner out of hell.

He believes that the wine of the Sacrament is the actual blood of Christ, and the bread the actual body.

We are all prone to believe that which is constantly said and never denied. The profound policy of the Catholic Church is to cut off its converts from the world and keep them from hearing, reading or thinking anything which might encourage doubt.

The Catholic Church wants its converts to have Faith—blind, unreasoning faith in the priest, faith in the Church, and faith in the Catholic statement of every case.

To reach this result, the Pope dictates what books shall be read, what newspapers shall be patronized, and what pictures shall be used.

Pope Leo XIII revised the list of "Forbidden Books." He declared

that the new rules on the subject of "Forbidden Books" *were so mildly formulated that it would be easy for good Catholics to obey the new rules.*

What are these new rules which a good Catholic must observe in choosing his reading matter?

1. "All those writings which were prohibited previous to the year 1600, except where special decrees have since made exceptions, are prohibited now."

What books were prohibited previous to the year 1600, and which of those books have been acquitted of blame during the 197 years since 1600?

2. "All books written by apostates, heretics, schismatics," are forbidden."

Away goes your Milton and your Shakespeare, your Burns and your Byron, your Cowper and your Wordsworth, your Tennyson and your Browning! They were all heretics.

Hume must not be read, nor Gibbon, nor Hallam, nor Froude, nor Carlyle. They were all heretics.

A good Catholic must not drink the pure delight of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," nor must he ever hang enraptured over the "Grecian Urn" of Keats, nor must his eye ever grow dim as he reads Byron's verses to his sister. He must never walk the rich fields of Charles Reade and Charles Dickens—never laugh with Thackeray, nor sigh with Hood; never soar with Shelley, dream with Coleridge, nor view the gems of Walter Savage Landor.

All the golden fruit of genius, choicest apples of literature's Gardens of Hesperides, is fruit forbidden to a good Catholic,—for when God lit the lamp of genius in the minds of these wonderfully gifted heretics and touched their souls into celestial music, He forgot that the Pope would measure all the mental universe with the contemptible little tape-line of denominational intolerance.

To a good Catholic, all the eloquence, wit, wisdom and patriotism of American history is a lost land, for the deadly brand of heresy lies upon the whole of it. Excepting Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, and a baker's dozen besides, the whole outfit, from Washington, the Episcopalian, to Jefferson and Thomas Paine, the Deists, *were rank heretics,* deserving to be burnt.

What sort of intelligence would a good Catholic have, if he should obey the rules which the Pope says are so mildly framed?

What sort of knowledge does any man have, when he is forbidden to read on both sides of the case?

What better scheme could be devised for putting power into the hands of the priests?

How could a good Catholic ever be anything, mentally, but a child, if he is denied the privilege of reading, thinking, comparing and judging?

But the rules, which Pope Leo XIII so mildly framed, do not stop here. They forbid the good Catholic to read any book on religion,

except those written by Catholics. They forbid good Catholics to read any edition of the Bible, except the Catholic edition. Books which criticize the Pope, cardinals, priests, church doctrines and usages, are forbidden. The Pope does not wish that his people shall be told a great many things which they ought to know. He wants them to know nothing beyond what the priests see fit to tell them.

No good Catholic must read *any* book, or other publication, which treats of religious subjects, without submitting said book or publication, to the judgment of the priests.

Such rules as these sound strangely out of place in this age of progress and of *research.*

If a creed is sound, why should it fear investigation?

Conscious error could not possibly show more guilty timidity in screening itself from honest inquiry than the Catholic Church displays in these rules which command good Catholics to read no books excepting those which have been inspected, tagged and branded by the Pope.

Of all the slavery in this world, the most degrading is mental and spiritual slavery; and we look upon the huge growth of the Catholic Church in political power as an ominous fact, because the natural tendency of its creed is to make the people superstitious, intolerant and priest-ridden.

But while our politicians continue to be cowards, and our Protestant ministers continued to be silent, Catholic diplomacy will march onward triumphantly, until the day will come when Protestantism will have to fight for dear life in a land which its blind devotees believe is dedicated forever to free *speech,* free *thought* and free *worship.*

THE JESUIT'S OATH

"I, A. B., now in the presence of Almighty God, the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Blessed Michael the Archangel, the Blessed St. John the Baptist, the Holy Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul and the saints and Sacred Host of Heaven, and to you, my Ghostly father, I do declare from my heart, without mental reservation, that the Pope is Christ's Vicar General and is the true and only Head of the Universal Church throughout the earth, and that by virtue of the Keys of binding and loosing given to His Holiness by Jesus Christ, He hath power to depose Heretical Kings, Princes, States, Commonwealths and Governments, all being illegal without his sacred confirmation, and that they may safely be destroyed. Therefore, to the utmost of my power, I will defend this doctrine and His Holiness's rights and customs against all Usurpers of the Heretical or Protestant Authority whatsoever, especially against the now pretended Authority and Church in England and all Adherents in regard that they be Usurped and Heretical, opposing the Sacred Mother Church of Rome.

"I do renounce and disown any Allegiance as due to any heretical King, Prince or State, named Protestant, or obedience to any of their inferior Magistrates or officers.

"I do further declare the doctrine of the Church of England, of the Calvinists, Huguenots and other Protestants, to be damnable, and those to be damned who will not forsake the same. I do further declare that I will help, assist and advise all or any of His Holiness's agents, in any place wherever I shall be; and to do my utmost to extirpate the heretical Protestant doctrine, and to destroy all their pretended power, regal or otherwise. I do further promise and declare, that notwithstanding I am dispensed with to assume any religion heretical for the propagation of the Mother Church's interest, to keep secret and private all her agents' counsels as they entrust me, and not to divulge, directly or indirectly, by word, writing or cirrcumstance whatsoever, but to execute all which shall be protected, given in charge or discovered unto me, by you, my Ghostly Father, or by any one of this convent.

"All of which I, A. B., do swear by the Blessed Trinity, and Blessed Sacrament which I am about to receive, to perform, on my part to keep inviolably; and do call on all the Heavenly and Glorious Host of Heaven to witness my real intentions to keep this, my oath. In testimony whereof, I take this most Holy and Blessed Sacrament of the Eucharist and witness the same further with my hand and seal, in the face of the holy convent."

PROCESSION OF PRELATES AT THE CATHOLIC CENTENARY CELEBRATION.

Cardinal Logue, who is shown in the picture with a train borne by pages, is the chief visitor from abroad. He is Primate of Ireland, and said at the dinner of the alumni of Maynooth: "I am over here without the permission of the Holy Father, which I should have secured. I was afraid that I wouldn't get it, so I didn't ask for it. May be that I shall see the Holy Father sooner than I shall desire."

"WHOSE SON IS A FOOL AND WHOSE DAUGHTER IS A FOREIGN PRINCESS"

When the President of the United States, in a Message to Congress, feels it to be necessary to denounce our putrid plutocracy, and to hold up to national scorn the sordid wealth-seekers, whose sole aim in life is to pile up thousands until they have become millions, and then to pile up millions until they have become billions, the average citizen is totally wanting in public spirit and patriotism if he, also, does not study those conditions which arouse presidential indignation.

Who can fail to see that our system of government is developing a class of men and women that are abhorrent to any correct standard of citizenship? The men of this caste are at heart the same as the patrician of old Rome who desolated provinces to get the gold which ministered to his unnatural lusts—men who hesitated at no crime to advance their tainted fortunes, men who, under the mask of patriotism, slew Caesar himself when he dared to interfere with their monstrous privileges. The men of this caste are at heart the same as the nobles of the Old Order in France—men whose extortion became so ruthless that ten thousand hovels were made dark and miserable in order that one chateau might be resplendent with every luxury that could gratify the sensualities of the privileged.

"Let the people eat grass!" exclaimed one of these cruel taskmasters, when the unprivileged people cried aloud for bread.

"They must submit or starve," said J. Pierpont Morgan, in Paris, when a newspaper reporter asked him about the laboring men of America who were protesting against the tyranny of such men as himself.

An aristocracy is ever the same. In the eyes of the Brahman of Hindustan, the sudra had no rights. *"Thy servant is a dog,"* was not a meaningless phrase. It expressed the exact truth. In every aristocracy, the servant *is* a dog: and the servant of an aristocracy is the man who works with his hands. The servant toils, producing wealth: the master makes laws which take away the wealth which the servant produces.

The men who have control of the law-making department become the ruling class, constituting the aristocracy. The men who have to submit to the laws thus made, are the servants. In Sparta, they were called helots; in Egypt, fellaheen; in Palestine, bondmen; in Hindustan, sudras; in Rome, plebians; in Europe, the peasantry; in China, coolies.

No matter by what name called, *the law-making class* in any country, *is the ruling class.* With the machinery of government in its hands, this ruling class can take away the property of the other classes, leaving them, sometimes, not enough to live on.

We read of famine in China, and are told that tens of thousands are perishing for lack of food.

These victims of starvation are the servants who have been pillaged

of their products by the ruling class. China is one of the richest countries in the world, but the riches have been gathered into the hands of comparatively few, and these aristocrats have more than they want, at the very time when the servants, whose labor produced the surplus which the aristocrats hold, are perishing of hunger, *because they were not allowed to keep any surplus.*

The laws in favor of the ruling class are so very cunningly contrived that the laboring-class is robbed of everything it makes, excepting just enough to support life. *The laboring class* has to live from day to day, year to year; and when a bad crop season comes upon the land the working people die like flies, *because they have no surplus to draw upon.* The heartless rich who have pillaged these workers, under legal forms, might at least *make restitution* of part of the confiscated wealth, and thus enable the true owners to live through the period of scarcity,—but aristocracies have no soul and never make restitution.

As it is in China, so it is in Hindustan. The teeming millions of native Indians are so systematically plundered, under legal forms, by their native princes and by the English, that they can never lay up any surplus against a season of dearth. Consequently, when failure of rainfall causes failure of crops, tens of thousands of the poor creatures die of starvation.

Great Britain makes a great display of munificence in sending relief to the victims of famine, but the reason why the working classes of India perish in this awful manner is that a native aristocracy has to be supported in idle, licentious luxury, at the same time that English masters have to be enriched.

In Great Britain, there was once an aristocracy which was so strongly intrenched that a common man was little better than a beast of burden. But, in the course of ages, the aristocrats have been compelled to yield to the demands of the middle and lower classes, until we now see, in Great Britain, a mixed government of the rich and the poor, *and a system of taxation which does not rob the poor for the benefit of the rich.*

But *in this republic* strange things have come to pass,—things which our forefathers could never have thought possible.

Our law-making machinery has been, for nearly fifty years, in the complete control of a few capitalists; and these men, who produce no wealth themselves, have systematically plundered the working people of the land until those who ought to have the wealth are at the mercy of those who ought not to have it, *but who have got* it.

Did J. Pierpont Morgan ever do an honest day's work in his life? Not one. Did he ever add one dollar to the wealth of the world? Not one. Did his toil ever produce one bushel of wheat, one bale of cotton, one stick of lumber, one yard of cloth? Not one. Yet this "capitalist" can afford to invest ten million dollars in "art treasures" and to buy the famous Aldobrandini palace at Rome, for no other purpose than to make it a store-house for said art treasures, at a time when three millions of his fellow countrymen *who do produce wealth,* are out of work and on the verge of starvation.

And this aristocrat, Morgan, had the heartless audacity to declare that the men who in part produced the wealth *which he stole from the working people of the Union under forms of law,* would have to submit to prevailing conditions, OR STARVE!

Prior to the Civil War, the principles of Jeffersonian democracy ruled our country.

Andrew Jackson had paid off the national debt. Calhoun's heroic war upon the Protective System of Hamilton and Clay had terminated in a splendid triumph. The Walker Tariff had put that infernal system on a strictly revenue basis. Andrew Jackson had destroyed the national bank. There were neither paupers nor millionaires to be found. Such a thing as a Trust was inconceivable, because nobody had been given, *by God or by law,* a monopoly of the home market.

In those days, whenever the Government found the supply of metallic money running short *it issued paper currency;* and nobody dreamed that the time would ever come when the Government would be so completely dominated by the bankers that it would not dare to exercise its inherent sovereign power of creating money. From the days of Jefferson down to the days of Buchanan, our Presidents and our Congress never hesitated to issue Treasury Notes whenever they felt the need of *more money.*

It was left to Democratic Presidents, like Cleveland, and to Republican Presidents, like Roosevelt, to reveal to us the absolute despotism of the banks.

Bad as J. Pierpont Morgan is, he's no worse than others of our masters. Andrew Carnegie is equally bad, and so is T. F. Ryan, E. H. Harriman, George Gould, Jacob Schiff, James Stillman, August Belmont, the Standard Oil group and scores of similar holders of ill-gotten wealth.

Vain is the President's denunciation of the "malefactor of great wealth,"—special Messages to Congress will not put the stripes on him. Vain the excoriation of the millionaires "whose son is a fool and whose daughter is a foreign princess,"—Messages, addressed by a stand-pat President to a stand-pat Congress, leave Special Privilege just where it has been for more than forty years.

President Roosevelt laments the fruitage, BUT HE HAS BEEN MOST CAREFUL NOT TO INJURE THE TREE.

BANKERS SHUT MR. WATSON OUT OF CHAUTAUQUA LECTURE FIELD

What is your conception of the purpose of the Chautauqua? Has it not been your impression that it was an educational institution in which the people, in mass, were instructed on subjects of public interest and importance?

We have had sufficient evidence to convince us that many of our colleges are dominated by the Trusts, and that Professors who hold opinions antagonistic to those entertained by the beneficiaries of class-legislation cannot keep their places in the faculty.

We have seen the same plutocratic influence paralyze the pulpit and bring reproach upon the ministers of God.

But we were not aware of the fact that freedom of speech had been forbidden at the Chautauqua. We did not know that the pampered pets of class-legislation ruled off the programme the names of lecturers whose views on public questions do not accord with their own.

That, however, is just what they do.

Read this extract from a letter written to Mr. Watson, May 8, 1908, by the President of one of our Lyceum Systems:

> "We had hoped to have you on the Chautauqua, as we wrote you during the winter; *but some of the directors who have gotten to be bankers objected to your ideas on the financial situation* and we couldn't insist on running it over them.
>
> "Personally, I was very anxious for you to come, etc."

Now the question arises,—

If the bankers are to rule off the platform those lecturers whose convictions on the financial questions differ from their own, what will the Chautauqua be but an organ of plutocracy?

What are those "ideas on the financial situation" which has caused Mr. Watson to be blacklisted by this Chautauqua?

He believes in the money-system of the Constitution of the United States, as construed by the highest court in the land.

He believes in the theory of finance expounded by Thomas Jefferson and John C. Calhoun. He believes in the financial doctrine of such masters of political economy as Adam Smith and Ricardo.

He believes that it is a sovereign, inherent prerogative of government *to create money,*—for God did not create it, and nature does not produce it, and it has to be made by the *common consent* of society, or by *positive legislative enactment.*

Mr. Watson contends, with Jefferson and Calhoun, that *the Government,* and not the bankers, should exercise the governmental prerogative of creating and controlling the money of the country.

Because Mr. Watson entertains these views, *and not because he meant to make finance the subject of his lecture,* he was blacklisted.

The directors know that Mr. Watson has never delivered a lecture on finance. They know that he did not propose to discuss that subject at all. Had he gone on the Chautauqua platform he would have spoken of other matters altogether. But that made no difference to the bankers. They do not propose that a financial crank like Watson—a wild-eyed agitator who actually champions the money-system of the lunatics who framed the Constitution of the United States—shall contaminate the programme at all, no matter how innocent the subject of the lecture.

His subject might be "The Value of an Ideal," or the "Prince of Peace," but he is not permitted to deliver these lectures at Chautauquas *because* the bankers don't like his financial views.

Thus it would seem that the Chautauqua is to lose its character as an educational institution, and is to sink down into the position occupied by the subsidized newspaper.

ARE WE FREE?

Oh, are we free?—We leap like servile curs
To lip the hand of power howe'er 'tis stained,
And cringe, howe'er authority be gained,
Suing to share the favor it confers;
Nor dare we tell the laureled lie it errs!
And, though a virtuous anger may be feigned,
Unworthy wealth is envied, not disdained.
Not righteous wrath, but foiled ambition, stirs
The riotous mob; and this is poverty
Abject indeed—the wish for wealth denied!
And it is baseness to implore of pride
A borrowed honor; it is slavery
To feel the servant at the rich man's side,
Or supplicate the strong!—Oh, are we free?

—Stokely S. Fisher.

OF NATIONAL INTEREST

Our strenuous President has now been trust-busting several years, and the cemetery in which we had expected to bury dead Trusts hasn't got a single tenant. Mr. Roosevelt means well, but he is no match for the Trusts.

* * * * *

What's the good of so much effort to regulate the Trusts *when the source of the trust evil is left untouched?*

How can we check the power of the Trust unless we deal with the Tariff which produces the Trust?

One might as well try to get rid of malaria without draining the marsh which generates it.

* * * * *

When we build up tariff walls around the home market for the purpose of shutting out foreign competition, it would not be human nature if the manufacturers did not make the most of their monopoly. The Trust is simply human nature engaged at the good old game of putting on "all that the traffic will bear."

It would be very altruistic if the manufacturers who are protected from foreign competition should keep up a lively competition among themselves for the benefit of the consumers, but it wouldn't be "business." The wall having been made for *him,* the manufacturer naturally wants to hog the whole benefit. This he does by organizing the Trust, which puts an end to competition in the home market, and gives him the power to exact such a tremendous price from his fellow-countrymen that he can invade foreign markets with his products, and undersell the foreign manufacturer in his own market.

Thus our patriotic Protective System gives to us the crushing weight of monopoly, while IT CARRIES TO FOREIGN NATIONS THE BLESSINGS OF COMPETITION.

* * * * *

Mr. Roosevelt's policy of rescuing the people from the robberies of the Tariff, *by regulating the Trusts* is just about as wise and effective as would be the efforts of a citizen who sought to purify the water of his spring-branch, a mile below the spring, *when a dead cow was lying in the spring.*

The thing to do, in such a case, is to *take the dead cow out of the spring.* Tear down our Tariff wall, and the Trusts will die natural deaths as Competition enters our home market.

But there are two things of which Theodore Roosevelt seems to be mortally afraid: one is the Money-question and the other is the Tariff.

* * * * *

Mr. Hearst's League, which he solemnly calls "The Independence Party," promises well. It has already caught up, in its chariot of fire,

nearly every member of the Hearst editorial brigade. Our dear and brilliant friend, Arthur Brisbane, the chief of the Hearst editors, gives us to understand that, although a Socialist, he belongs to "the new party." Our dear and eloquent friend, John Temple Graves, also a Hearst editor, appears to have burnt the bridges in his rear and to have flung in his fortunes with "the new party."

Max Ihmsen, formerly a Democrat or something, has heroically cut loose from all former moorings, whatever they were, and is now a member of Hearst's new party.

We hardly think we exaggerate when we say that the nation may expect to see the Hearst cartoonists, reporters, printers and all, stampede to "the new party," before long.

The most reassuring thing about Hearst's League is its stern declaration against the use of money in politics. We like this stern statement very much. And the fact that Max Ihmsen is put in evidence, as proof of Hearst's sincerity in the matter, is convincing to *us,* no matter who may speak of it with levity.

* * * * *

Mr. Bryan made use of a dull Sabbath in Texas (where most Sundays are dull) to reel off his lecture on Christ *twice.* Inasmuch as this sermon, delivered twice on one Sabbath, netted the Honorable William J. *a thousand dollars,* local comment on the great Nebraskan's thrift will relieve many a future dull Sunday in Texas of its tedium.

* * * * *

The JEFFERSONIAN sincerely regrets the ill-health of Senator Ben Tillman. He is the "rough and ready" fighter of the Senate, and one of its hardest workers. While Tillman is frequently savage in his talk, his heart is in the right place and he's as honest as the day is long.

May you soon be yourself again, Senator!

* * * * *

When it comes to trust-busting, Castro of Venezuela can give lessons to Teddy. The Asphalt crowd put their money on an insurgent chief named Matos, and thus financed a rebellion against the government. As soon as Castro had squelched Matos, he "went after" the Asphalt crowd. Not being hampered by a trust-attorney, such as Elihu Root, nor an incompetent Attorney-General, such as our man Bonaparte, Castro made headway. Confiscating the Venezuelan property of the Trust, Castro practically drove it out of the country. In other words, trust-busting, with Castro, *is* trust-busting.

* * * * *

Senator Bailey of Texas has had a most unusual experience. Two years ago members of the legislature were instructed to vote for his re-election, quite as a matter of course. No one ventured to oppose him. Then, suddenly, the Standard Oil Scandal came out. A bitter fight on Bailey began. How it would have resulted had not the members of the legislature been already instructed for him, it is impossible to say. After a prolonged investigation, the Senator secured a favorable report

from a majority of the Committee appointed to sift the charges against him,—*the legislature having re-elected him in the meanwhile.*

So matters stood until this year, when he offered himself as candidate for the honorary position of delegate to the National Democratic Convention.

His candidacy revived the Standard Oil Scandal, and a hot campaign, in which Senator Bailey stumped the State, followed.

In nineteen counties the polls were not opened, but in all of the others the war was fierce. Bailey won by something less than 20,000 out of a total vote of more than 200,000.

There being no contest in Texas over Presidential candidates, the fight on Bailey is the best evidence of the bitterness of the feud between his friends and his enemies. Heretofore, he has been sent to national conventions by acclamation. His opponents now claim that he owes his election to corporation influence and money. One thing may be considered certain: Texas Democracy is split into two irreconcilable and almost equal parts which will combat each other furiously as long as Senator Bailey lives.

* * * * *

Ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Minnesota, Frank A. Day, is Chairman of the State Democratic Committee. He says that the Bryan men spent $5,000 per day in the effort to beat Governor John Johnson in the contest for national delegates from that State.

As the effort failed, we conclude that Bryan knows more about how to get the cash than how to spend it. We recall that he spent $15,000 in 1904 in the attempt to capture the Senatorship in Nebraska, and got less than two dozen legislative votes.

Governor Johnson is a mighty good man, and is a rising sun, while Bryan has passed the zenith and is declining.

* * * * *

The Beef Trust was one of those that our strenuous President started out to bust. Upton Sinclair helped all he could with his blood-curdling "Jungle;" young Jeems Garfield, Government Commissioner, made his famous Report; and various magazines volleyed and thundered.

Net result:

The Beef Trust is a greater tyrant than ever, is completer master of the market than ever, pays less for cattle and gets more for dressed beef than ever, *and has practically reduced every retailer of their products to the position of agent of the Trust!*

* * * * *

While the legitimate business of the country is still suffering from the money famine, those who have helped to concentrate in New York practically all of the available cash have more than they can employ. The Pennsylvania Railroad bond-issue of $40,000,000 was subscribed ten times over; and E. H. Harriman found $8,500,000 with which to buy two more railroads. Envious of the Pennsylvania Railroad's success with its bond-issue, Harriman has, through his Union Pacific

dummy directors, given himself authority to pour more water into that water-logged system, *to the extent of* $257,000,000.

* * * * *

In 1906, Mr. Bryan demanded the resignation of Roger C. Sullivan, of Illinois, from the National Democratic Committee. The reasons upon which this demand was based were stated in writing. Mr. Bryan alleged that Sullivan's "corporate connections would harm the party"; that he held his office of Committeeman by fraud; and that it was *"impossible for honest Democrats to associate with him."*

So late as September, 1906, Mr. Bryan declared that Sullivan was "connected with a favor-seeking, franchise-holding corporation," and he classed Sullivan with those "whose private interests make it impossible for them to be guardians of the public."

Sullivan is the same man now that he was in 1907, and has the same corporate connections; but Bryan now accepts him as a lieutenant and is going to *"associate with him,"*—thus demonstrating how much he erred when he declared that "no honest Democrat" could do it.

* * * * *

The Washington *Post* soberly predicts that the Hearst League, which the *Post* considerately calls the new Independence Party, is going to cut a wide swathe in the national campaign.

Yes, we shouldn't be surpised if it finally captured every blessed man whose name is carried on the Hearst pay-roll.

* * * * *

How *can* the Hearst League ever amount to anything, nationally, when Hearst writes the platform and allows no alterations; when he names the candidates and permits no freedom of choice to the ludicrous members of his absurd "Conventions;" *when he knows so little about the American people,* OUTSIDE THE BIG CITIES, that he treats *individual opinion* and the innate feeling of *personal independence* as negligible quantities?

Mr. Hearst and Max Ihmsen, his political manager, have seen so much of the worst side of politics in New York City, in Chicago, and in San Francisco, that they judge the rest of the country by those cities. They believe that *money* will do anything and everything. *Mr. Hearst would be well advised were he to dismiss that idea.* Money can do much —altogether too much—in American politics, but no leader, however rich and able, can capture any considerable amount of political following, *worth the having,* with a copyrighted League, a cut and dried platform, and a star-chamber ticket.

* * * * *

Besides, Mr. Hearst is making his play for the radicals, *forgetful of the fact that all the radicals are more radical on the money question than any other,* and are more uncompromising on that issue than upon any other.

Therefore, when the Hearst platform declared for the Wall Street theory of finance, Hearst's League lost out with the radicals.

And were he to change his position on the money question *now,* nobody would believe him sincere.

* * * * *

The "financiers" who were in control of one of the New York street-car lines issued bonds to the extent of $36,000,000, sold them to the public and pocketed the proceeds. Burdened with a heavier load of capitalization than it could bear, the road went into the hands of a receiver.

This official, after thorough investigation, reports that none of the proceeds of that bond-issue was used for the benefit of street-car lines. In other words, the financiers who issued and sold the bonds pocketed what the public paid for them.

Yet, some people think the JEFFERSONIAN ought not to call these "financiers" by the Biblical term *"thieves."*

What else, are they?

* * * * *

By just such rascality the fortunes of most of these Wall Street "financiers" were accumulated. When Harriman was on the stand as a witness two years ago, and he was asked about the sale of an issue of stocks that never under any circumstances could earn dividends, he cynically answered the question by asking, "We didn't tell the public that the stock would ever pay dividends, did we?"

When this remark was quoted to John D. Rockefeller, that Dean of the Corporation thief corps laughed "fit to kill himself" and said, "That's the funniest thing I ever heard."

Thieves? What else are such men?

* * * * *

The law makes it a crime for railroads to engage in any other business than that of common carrier. In other words, a railroad must confine itself to railroad business and must not operate coal mines, iron mines, saw mills, and so forth. A railroad violating this statute is subject to a fine of $5,000 for each day that the law is violated. Yet the astounding statement is made in the U. S. Senate, *and not denied,* that President Roosevelt and his Attorney-General have entered into an agreement with certain railroads which allows them to violate this law, under a guarantee that they shall not be punished.

What next?

* * * * *

After consultation with friends, I have decided to make the interest rate on the JEFFERSONIAN bonds *Seven per cent.*

This is payable annually. Those who wish to know what my personal guaranty on the bonds is worth may write to

Hon. C. H. Ellington, Ordinary McDuffie County, Thomson, Ga.

The McDuffie Bank, Thomson, Ga.

The Bank of Thomson, Thomson, Ga.

Messrs. Phinizy & Co., Cotton Factors, Augusta, Ga.

It has been decided, further, to issue ten-dollar bonds, so as to put them in the reach of the smaller investors.

I hope to have the co-operation of thousands of earnest Jeffersonians who sympathize with the work that I am doing.

A SURVEY OF THE WORLD

By BERNARD SUTTLER

We had occasion last month to refer to the enormous expenditure authorized by Congress.

Since then the appropriations committees have kept busy until they have figured up a total of one thousand and twenty-six millions of dollars for one year's expenses of the Government. Even Russia, with double our area, and fifty million more people, cannot rival us in this direction.

Of the huge total, $218,000,000 goes to the War and Navy Departments, $11,500,000 for Fortifications, $163,000,000 for Pensions.

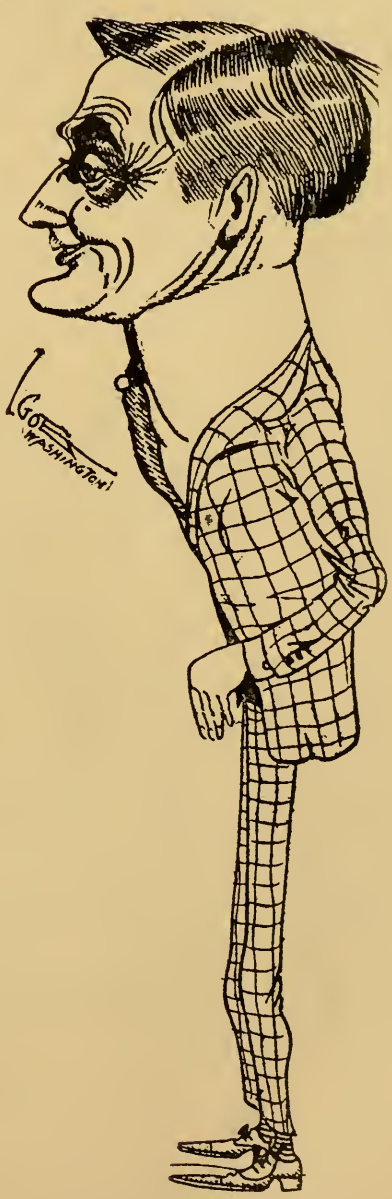
Thus $392,500,000 will be expended in paying for old wars and getting ready for new. This is a rather lively gait for a nation which claims to be an upholder of peace. Even these figures are not enough to satisfy the "jingoes," and they are much dissatisfied at the "niggardliness" of Congress.

It is estimated that the deficit for the current year will be 65 or 70 millions and that by June 30, 1909, the entire Treasury surplus will be exhausted.

* * * * *

The big event of the month was the meeting of Governors at Washington, to discuss with the President and leading citizens, the conservation of our National resources.

Every leading paper in the land has made it the theme of extended comment.



CHARACTER STUDY BY IGOE OF GOV. JOHN A. JOHNSON

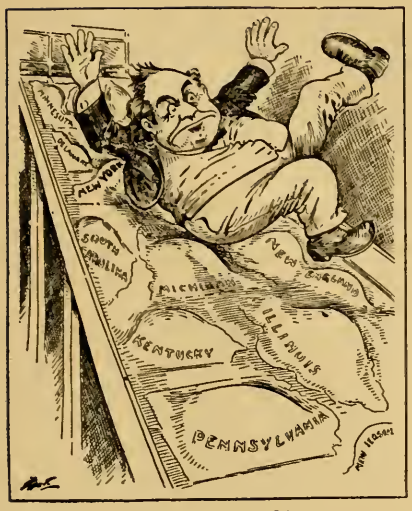
The general view taken is, that it will result in much good.

President Roosevelt made a notable address, from which the following extracts are worthy of special note:

"I want to say one word about the twilight land—the power between the federal and state governments," he said. "My aim in the action I have advocated for the regulation of the great corporations has been to provide sound, effective, popular sovereignty for each corporation. What I am trying to find out—not negatively, not by decisions that a state cannot act, or federal decision that the nation cannot act—is where one or the other can act so that there shall always be some sovereign power on behalf of the people that they may hold over the big corporations, over the big individuals, too, that an accountability regarding their acts shall be had for the benefit of the people within the state; of course, the state is to be sovereign, and it should have the power to act. If the matter is such that the state itself cannot act, then I wish on behalf of the state that the National Government should act.

"Where this policy can be carried out best by the state it ought to be done by the state. Where it can be best carried out by the nation, then

Washington, D. C., *Herald*.



BUMPING THE BUMPS.
—Bartholomew in the Minneapolis *Journal*.

"The Commoner" declares that money is being used to prevent Bryan's nomination.
—Berryman in the Washington *Star*.

"THERE'S MANY A SLIP ——"

the nation should enforce it. My concern is not in the academic decision of either the principle of state's rights or the principle of national sovereignty, but it is what will best conserve the needs of the people as a whole."

Several of the Governors struck a high note, and aroused great enthusiasm. Certain features stood out very clearly: that we have been drawing against our natural resources with too much prodigality; that the functions of the state and federal governments shall be so clearly defined as to avoid friction; that closer interstate relations, a sort of co-operative working agreement between the sovereign states is very much to be desired.

An address was agreed upon and made public, dealing in a general way with the purposes of the Convention.

It was a notable meeting, not only in the personnel of the members, but also in its purposes, the excellent spirit shown, some of the utterances, and from the fact that it is the first meeting of what is likely to grow into an unofficial but most powerful and useful association.

When our people finally grasp the simple geographical fact, that within the borders of nearly any one of our States, there is room to work out the destiny of a nation, they will begin to understand what a great heritage they have, and how jealously it should be guarded.

Thus little Maryland equals Holland in area. Georgia is larger than England—Texas much exceeds the German Empire (with its 60 million people),—South Carolina is as great in size as Ireland—California equals Italy and Greece combined. All Europe (with its 375 million people) could be crowded within the territorial borders of that portion of the United States situated on the North American Continent. This splendid inheritance calls for the best powers of mind and body, and the most

exalted patriotism if we are to maintain and leave it, in fact and indeed, *The Great Republic.*

* * * * *

At this date (May 22) it seems to be generally conceded that Mr. Bryan is sure of the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, with Mr. Taft in a long lead for the Republican nomination. Many thoughtful men yet believe that the Republican Convention will be stampeded for Mr. Roosevelt.

One of the humors of the campaign has been Mr. Bryan's plaintive wail that money was being used to defeat his nomination, as if it makes any real difference whether he is nominated or not.

It is apparent now that if the friends of Jno. A. Johnson, of Minnesota, had begun an active campaign six months ago, Mr. Bryan would have been in serious peril of losing the nomination he values so highly.

On the Republican side some humor has been injected into the campaign by the furious contentions, rising even to riots, in the so-called Republican Conventions of various Southern States.

* * * * *

Publicity as to campaign funds has been before Congress. In a wordy battle between Williams, of Mississippi, and Payne, of New York, each leader accused the other party (and truthfully) of election frauds. Williams had the best of the controversy, for at the close he challenged the Republicans to join with the Democrats in safeguarding the future. The challenge was not accepted. The Republicans in this matter are not acting in good faith, as is proven by their action on the Publicity bill.

They have added, as a rider to the bill, a section fathered by that inveterate South hater, Crumpacker, of Indiana, which is aimed at a re-

FRIGHTENED AT HIS OWN HANDIWORK.
—Blessington in Houston *Post.*

HAUNTED.
—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle.*

CAMPAIGN-FUND PUBLICITY IN CARTOON.

duction of Southern representation in Congress. The intent in this is to array the Democrats against the bill, and thus defeat a measure which the Republican party leaders are afraid openly to oppose.

* * * * *

The Currency bill has apparently been put to sleep for this session. The Aldrich (Senate) bill having received its quietus, the House Committee agreed on a bill which the Boston *Herald* calls, "A Bill Made To Pass." This was a hastily manufactured job that the Republicans hoped could be put through.

Under pressure from Dictator Cannon the bill was put through the House and sent to the Senate.

The Senate disagreed, and substituted the Aldrich bill. Then a Conference Committee was appointed.

The committee could not agree. Finally it was agreed to offer a resolution for the appointment of a Currency Commission.

Even the arrogant, trust owned Republican majority is afraid just now to face the people on a measure so absolutely indefensible as the proposed Currency bill.

HOW MISSISSIPPI IS FOR TAFT.

—Llanuza in the Chicago *Inter Ocean.*

CONGRESS SEEMS TO BE STRIVING FOR A SPOTLESS RECORD.

—Wilder in the Chicago *Record-Herald.*

The cartoonist pictures Congress as having a blackboard before it, on which not a chalk mark has been made. The cartoonist says that Congress is striving for a spotless record. This is true in so far as it refers to useful affirmative legislation, but the cartoonist overlooked the *expense* bill. It would take a big blackboard to hold the figures.

* * * * *

From Birmingham comes the news that the business men of that city want the unspeakable E. H. Harriman to visit their city, and propose to banquet him and make much of him.

We have sunk pretty low when our cities undertake to do honor to such a man as Harriman. In all the black record of these captains of finance, Harriman stands as the worst and most notorious leader. A veritable Blackbeard of the pirates.

It is enough to make one despair of the Republic when such freebooters are openly feted and honored.

* * * * *

The assault on the wood pulp and paper schedules in the tariff law,

E. H. Harriman.

though pushed with great resolution, has failed.

Speaker Cannon, who is an absolute dictator, had determined that not one line of the tariff should be disturbed. The matter was sidetracked by being referred to a committee organized to do nothing, and it is quite evident that the committee will brilliantly execute the purpose for which it was organized — do nothing.

Many moons will wax and wane before the Tariff gets any reforming at the hands of its Republican friends.

In this connection the following extract from the *Public* (Chicago) is illuminating as to the methods of Republican Tariff reformers:

The Paper Tariff Investigation.

"There is a committee of Congress which is circularizing the country with reference to the tariff on wood pulp and paper. The good faith of its inquiry may be inferred from the principal question, which asks whether the person responding would advise the immediate removal of this tariff, regardless of the hours of labor, wages paid, and labor employed in the pulp and paper industry. That question is like the noted trick question to which a categorical answer was demanded of a perfectly honest and reputable man,—"Have you stopped stealing?" To answer Yes, is to assume an attitude of indifference to the interests of hard working men; to answer No, is to favor continuance of the tariff. The fact is, of course, that this tariff does not add a penny to the wages nor deduct a minute from the working hours of the labor employed in making paper. It simply gives a 'rake-off' to the monopolists who control the trade. Labor in the paper and paper-pulp industry would be better paid and get shorter hours if the trade were not monopolized and the price of paper were consequently cheaper. Cheaper papers means more demand for paper, and more demand for paper means more demand for labor at paper-making. This is the only condition that can raise wages or shorten hours in the paper industry. Incidentally it would tend to raies wages in every industry using paper; for the cheaper the paper the more of it these industries would be called upon to use and the more labor they would therefore have to employ."

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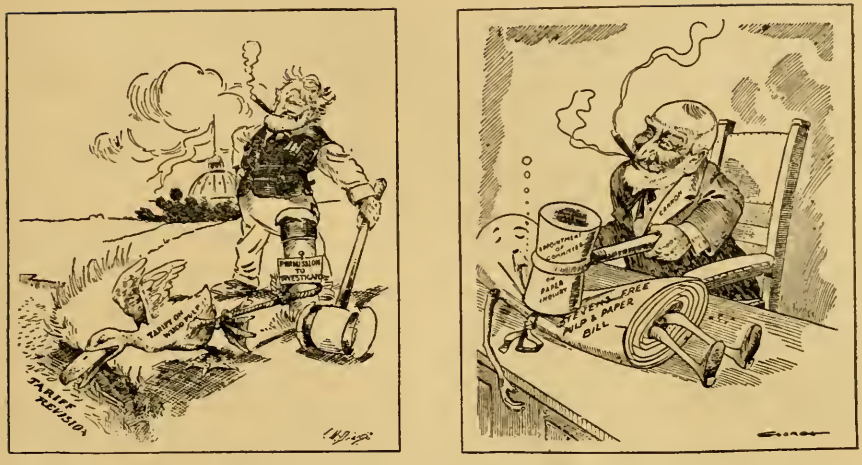
A recent notable event was the laying in Washington, D. C., of the corner stone of the splendid building to be used by the Bureau of American Republics. Twenty-one American republics participated. The pur-



TARIFF REFORM—ON PAPER.

pose of the Bureau is primarily commercial, but it is a useful adjunct to the State Department in bringing about more cordial and peaceful relations between the nations of the Western Hemisphere.

In this connection it may be noted that the late peace convention of the little Central American Republics, which was held in Washington, has resulted in the formation of a High Court of Arbitration, with permanent quarters at a little Costa Rican town.

At this writing W. I. Buchanan, of the United States, and Enrique C. Creel, of Mexico, as High Commissioners of their respective countries, are in San Jose, Costa Rica, assisting in the organization of the High Court.

The Central American people have received them with great honor, and are much elated at the establishment of the Court, as they hope that it will put an end to the destructive little wars which have kept those nations in such wretched condition.

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Foreign news during the month presented no features of special interest outside of Great Britain, where the Liberal party is evidently losing ground. In England some two million men are reported to be out of work, and there is much distress. India is seething with unrest, and the new British premier, Mr. Asquith, is reported to be a man of "blood and iron." He is likely to find use for all his strong qualities in the very difficult position he has been called to fill.

* * * * *

Japan is trying to float a new loan for 300 million yen at abnormally high rates of interest. The daily papers report that she has offered as much as 9 per cent. to get the money, with no bidders. The truth is, Japan is practically bankrupt, barren of natural resources, with a congested and very poor population, taxed almost to destruction. She is trying to maintain a position as one of the world's great powers.

To do this she must pay with the very life-blood of her people, and the harvest of woe will be great. Yet some of our jingoes cannot look in a westerly direction without crying, "Wolf."

JOHN A. JOHNSON

By HOWELL BROOKE

OHN A. JOHNSON is a Democratic governor of a Republican State. He is not only a promising figure in twentieth century politics, but also one of the most commanding and picturesque personalities in the history of American statesmen. If you have closely read the political page the past four years you will not wonder why he stands out before the people as a great possibility. The story of his career is typically American. He came to this world poor. But he soon proved that he had the energy and determination to wade through the waters of poverty to the position where he could reach back and give his fellowman a helping hand. The most striking characteristic is his ability to grasp an opportunity and his capacity for development as the opportunity requires. In all American history it is probable that none has arisen from more humble circumstances or overcome more bitter adversities than has Governor Johnson. He was unknown to a majority of the people of his State when he was persuaded to accept the Democratic nomination for Governor. With nothing to commend him to the people but his clean record and his struggle against poverty, he made a fight that has few equals in history.

John A. Johnson was born on a little farm near St. Peter, Minnesota, in 1862. His parents came from Sweden in the fifties. They came, however, from the sturdy peasantry of Sweden, which is known all over Europe for its qualities of intellect and strength of character. His father was a blacksmith by trade, but he soon fell a victim to the drink habit. After running through with his meager possessions he died in extreme poverty. This left the mother with a family of five children to support. John was now thirteen, and with an early sense of responsibility he was unwilling to see his mother scrub day and night. He left school, although against his mother's will, to find some means by which he could help support the family. He found work in a grocery store, for which he was poorly paid. But by this he and his mother were able to sustain the family.

It was the deprivation of his childhood that he left school at thirteen to shoulder the family burden, for he had a passion for an education. But he was an energetic boy and felt a sense of duty to the family. In two years he had secured a position in a drug store. In a few months his mother was no longer a washerwoman and the other children were in school.

While in the drug business he formed the habit of reading. He spent his spare time in evenings in educating himself. Though deprived of the advantages of school, he had a fair education when he gave up

the drug business ten years later. By his own savings he was able to purchase an interest in the local newspaper. He had so won the confidence of the owners that they made him editor. Here he showed that he had spent the past ten years in self-improvement. He had gained a keen insight into human nature from across the counter. Therefore, he knew how to reach the people through his paper. He continued to grow in intellect and encourage his readers to higher things.

He served two sessions in the State Senate; here his record was unimpeachable. When in 1904 the Democrats began to search quietly for an available candidate they settled on Mr. Johnson as their only hope. It was a Presidential year and nobody wanted the Democratic nomination. The Republicans had elected Governer Van Sant two years before by 61,000 majority. Mr. Johnson seeing little hope had decided to refuse the nomination. Just as he was about to send a telegram of refusal a political friend 'phoned him, asking him to take no action until he could talk with him. That night on his veranda Mr. Johnson was persuaded to lead a contest that seemed so forlorn. The contest which followed destroyed all precedents in Minnesota. His campaign was made largely upon his personality. He went out among the people and talked to them as he would to his friends there in St. Peter. He promised to be honest and sincere, giving to all equal rights if they should elect him Governor. Friend and enemy were convinced that he was in earnest, that he was honest, that he believed in fidelity in public life. He went on the stump without an introduction. He was not a flowery

JOHN ALBERT JOHNSON,
Governor of Minnesota

speaker. But his utterances carried great weight. He always discussed the most vital topics.

In the 103 speeches that he made he never attacked the censurable record of his opponent. But when the opposition became aware of his growing strength they thought to injure him by circulating the story that he had allowed his father to die in the poor-house. Mr. Johnson then told the facts of the story. The powerful appeal of how he had met the crisis of his life at the age of thirteen and how he had risen above his difficulties gained him supporters. His voice took the note of appeal and his attitude invited each man in friendliness. Before election day it was realized that he had a chance to win if President Roosevelt did not carry the State by over fifty thousand majority.

The result was a surprise even to Mr. Johnson's most loyal supporters. Although President Roosevelt car-

ried the State by 161,000 majority over Judge Parker, Mr. Johnson won over his opponent by a plurality of 8,000. It was the most extraordinary personal triumph in American politics.

In office Governor Johnson was conscientious, sincere, and diligent. His administration pleased all except the "interests." After a wise and useful administration of two years, he appeared before the people with a record behind him and asked for their suffrage. It was an "off year." The Republicans saw defeat, but none expected such an overwhelming defeat. When the votes were counted Governor Johnson had won by a plurality of 74,000. This was a victory for the man, as the Republican candidates for the other State offices received pluralities of from 30,000 to 85,000.

Governor Johnson has proven that he is an executive of rare judgment and has the power to cope with critical situations. In making appointments he has secured the best men that could be obtained. He is nonpartisan and appoints by merit. He and his insurance commissioner found the leading life insurance company of the State in a deplorable condition. They forced the old officers to resign, indicted and prosecuted those that were responsible for its condition. The company was lifted out of its morass and is now doing business on a solid foundation. It was Governor Johnson who suggested that President Roosevelt call a convention of Governors, Attorney-Generals and Insurance Commissioners to draw up a code for the States to adopt, which has already been adopted by several States. He succeeded in preventing a strike of ironworkers by going to the scene himself, talking with the leaders of the strike and with the trust officers. The differences were settled without bloodshed and agreeable to both laborers and owners. Governor Johnson defeated the cordage trust in Minnesota. It had planned to swindle the farmers. No sooner had it begun operation when he asked the Legislature to pass a bill which completely disrupted its scheme.

Governor Johnson is considered a conservative, yet he is radical on some issues. He believes in the necessity of enforcing the law. In 1907 he recommended to the Legislature a two-cent-rate bill. It was established under a heavy fine and imprisonment. This law was considered "vicious, and almost a disgrace to the civilization of the age" by a Supreme Court judge. This is a weighty fact which shows that Governor Johnson's character is genuine.

In his Thanksgiving proclamation he said, "We have reason to believe that a better day is dawning, that there will be less worship of self, less love of power, less lust of gold, less weakening of faith, and that the return to honesty and honor will lead easily and inevitably to the walk of virtue, the way of happiness, the path of glory." The abuses of humanity reach him with an irresistible appeal. He believes that a high resolve and fidelity to duty constitute the success of a worthy life. When an acquaintance calls on him at the Capitol he does not send a messenger to meet him, but soon appears himself, gives him a firm handshake and a cordial welcome. His caller is soon aware that he is a man of presence and of power, who will soon understand his errand and be in command of the situation.

His political creed is strictly Democratic. He believes in the State and its rights, and wants the powers of Federal and State Government made more definite. He wants the jurisdiction of Federal judges in State Legislation so limited that they cannot block just laws. He hates trusts and the laws that make them. He is uncompromising on the tariff question. He believes in tariff for revenue only. He does not believe in colonial possessions and is anxious to dispose of the Philippines. There is no subject that he understands better than the governing of railroads. He favors a more stringent national regulation. He is also a student of the race problem, seeing no present solution.

How can the Democrats claim that no other man save Mr. Bryan is available when such a man as Governor Johnson is in the Democratic ranks? Which of the two could make the stronger fight? Can Mr. Bryan carry Kentucky, a Democratic State? Can he even carry his own State? He did not carry it in 1900, and it was through the aid of Tom Watson, of Georgia, that he carried it in 1896. Governor Johnson, with his magnetism, would likely carry his own State, though it is a strong Republican State. With President Roosevelt out and discord in the Republican party, he has an excellent chance to carry New York State, and other Eastern States. It is believed he can poll a larger vote in doubtful States than Mr. Bryan.

Surely the personality of Governor Johnson, whose life began in unpromising obscurity, who ran over an adverse majority to the Governorship of a Republican State, will appeal to the American people.

THE SUNLIT TRAIL

By MRS. LENA ZEILMAN

AT the base of the mountain, where level fields spread broadly in the warm rays of the sun, it was called a road. Just a well-travelled road winding its way along between the fertile fields, rich with their treasure of waving wheat, or rustling corn, or tobacco. But when it left the lowlands, and began climbing up the rugged mountain side, it then became a trail; a trail that wound itself over rocky places;

LENA ZEILMAN

past yawning ravines; and beside tumbling, hurrying mountain streams, that crashed and roared and raced their rapid flight, to calmer waters below. It penetrated its persistent way through woody growths, whose gloomy shadows, even in daytime, almost hid it from view; but undismayed at obstacles, it boldly pushed its wavering line ahead, and ever upward, until at last in triumph, its rugged course lay plain, in the glory of the upper sunshine, whose radiant light kissed the nearby mountain tops.

"Along the sunlit trail, here and there, but at some distances apart, straggled the cabins of the settlers. Why these people ever climbed the tortuous trail to settle so near the sky was never enlarged upon. They were contented with their environments and seemingly as rugged as the everlasting hills that nourished them. Caring for their cattle out on the hill-sides, or running their sawmills, situated in the dimples of the mountains, where the gurgling streams ran swiftest, were their chief occupations, and sufficed to provide the necessities of life for them. To the tall mountaineers, the creaking and swashing of the big overshot water wheels, were delightful sounds, and the shrieking ring of the saw as it cleft its way through mighty logs was music to their ears. They were happy, for the very hills, replete with the fragrance of growing things, filled all the air with spicy odors, and sent a health-giving aroma into the breath of their nostrils; and over all arched the blue heavens, whose glittering sunlight made the mountains to blossom like the rose.

On a hot June day the artist slowly climbed the trail. He had passed along the road, in the cool of the morning, admiring as he walked,

the golden billowy wheat fields, rustling in the soft breezes. The young corn was vividly green and tender looking; but at the tobacco fields he glanced contemptuously. There was no beauty in them, for he esteemed tobacco but a filthy weed. Down on the lowlands the early breezes fanned his face caressingly, and he hummed a song in sheer enjoyment; but toward noontide the song had left his lips, for he found the ascent of the uneven trail no easy thing to accomplish. Already he had passed the shadowy places, where it was difficult to discern the path, and had come up into the sunlight, where the way was steep but plain. Now and then he passed a cabin whose occupants came to the open door and stared at him in good-natured wonder. It was nearly four o'clock in the afternoon, when he paused before Sam Mallory's place and begged a glass of water. Aunt Huldy sat rocking on the porch as he came up, and she observed his jaded appearance with motherly concern. "You're nigh tuckered out, with tramping over these hills, I reckon," she said kindly. "Set here and rest, while I get you some cool milk." As she spoke, she took the small suitcase, that he had carried all day, from his tired hand, and gently pushed him into her own comfortable rocker. Then she brought him a bowl of cool milk, and watched him drink thirstily. "I've tramped along all day, hoping to find an inn, where I might get board and lodging, but inns seem to be rather a scarce commodity along this route." "And strangers are just as scarce here-abouts," smiled Aunt Huldy. "Indeed!" exclaimed the man. "Then, if you do not take pity upon me, I shall be obliged to pitch my solitary tent under some tree tonight. I am an artist, and have come to these hills for rest, during the vacation months." "You can stay right here, with us," said Aunt Huldy. "That is, if you can put up with cramped quarters, and a big family. The boys are down to the mill, helping their father get out the lumber for Abe Slocum's new barn, and Jinny's out on the hills hunting wild strawberries. But they'll all come home soon."

Such unreserved hospitality amazed the man. "But are you sure that I shall not be a burden to you?" he asked doubtfully. Aunt Huldy nodded. "You can stay and welcome," she answered. "Why, only the last time Preacher Jim came around, he told us that somewhere in the 'good book' it read, 'be not forgetful to entertain strangers;' and if you stay awhile with us, it will seem as if we had one more son." Tears started to the Artist's eyes, at the motherly tribute. "I'll gladly stay," he said, simply. "I don't know how to thank you enough for your kindness." "Pa and the others will be right glad to have a visitor in the house, so begin and make yourself 'to home,' just as if you belong here, and don't think for a moment that you will be a burden to us, no matter how long you stay," said the woman.

She soon went indoors to prepare supper, and the artist sat in her rocking-chair with all the tender feelings of his heart astir. To rest in that chair was doubly sweet to him, because it belonged to such a gentle souled woman. His tired hands softly smoothed the ruffled creton covering of its cushions as he let his strained muscles relax into its inviting embrace.

Suddenly from far down the sunlit trail, the sound of a girl's voice in

song came floating upon his ear, as pure and clear and joyous as a lark's in early morning. He raised his head to listen; and Aunt Huldy appeared, smilingly, in the door-way. "That's Jinny, coming home," she said. All unaware of his presence Jinny sang on, until she had almost reached the porch, then seeing a stranger beside her mother, she stopped, a picture of charming confusion; but Aunt Huldy's hearty laughter reassured her, and she continued on, up to the house. The artist felt his very soul thrill with delight as he looked at her. This tall, willowy mountain maid, with her chestnut hair, and shy blue eyes, was the image of the ideal woman, which his artist heart had long been seeking. After she had greeted him and passed into the house, with her mother, he felt as if a breath of heavenly incense had wafted by. The sunshine seemed to take on a diviner radiance, flooding the hills in rosy light, and all the sounds of nature seemed fuller and sweeter. He let his thoughts have full sway, and became lost in delicious musings, only to be abruptly aroused from his reverie by the arrival of Sam Mallory and his six sons, whose work at the mill was ended for the day. In a few sentences, Aunt Huldy explained the situation, and he found Sam's welcome as kindly as the wife's had been; and without hesitation each of the boys gave his hand a friendly grip. That night as he lay beside snoring Jake Mallory, he lived over again the events of the day. As he thought on the kind treatment extended to him, an entire stranger, by this mountain family, his heart grew warm with feeling. "Well," he mused, "if this is Southern hospitality, it's surely the *real* thing, and a mighty nice article for a chap like me to run up against." The days flew by on golden wings. Sam and the boys were too busy at the mill to spend much time in playing, so Jinny led the artist over the sunlit trail to visit the many places of interest and beauty among the hills. Halcyon days were those when the man and the maid roamed hand in hand together in a perfect dream of delight. The artist's heart had found its mate, but he feared her woman's soul was sleeping. That a childish delight in their companionship was the full measure of her happiness. So one day in the latter part of August he said: "I am going away, Jinny, away to New York, on business that must be looked after." The girl turned her startled eyes upon him, and placed her hand over her heart to still its quick throbbing. "But you will come back again?" she questioned. "Should you care very much if I did not?" he asked. Her blue eyes were almost black, with intense feeling. "I should surely die," she whispered. Then, somehow, he found her in his arms, and he heard his own voice saying, "Yes, Jinny, I will come back; back to the girl I love, and to these mountains, where people truly love their fellow-men. Where man's real nature is not dwarfed in a reckless race after wealth and worldly fame, but where in God's pure air and sunlight each man is his brother's keeper, and each man is content with the things which he has. Yes, my darling, I'll come back in September, about the time Preacher Jim is due here, and then you and I will marry. We'll build our home somewhere near the old trail, and be as happy as any of God's creatures. But whenever fancy wills, dear, we'll

wander forth together and see the world; for I am rich in the world's wealth. We'll cross the water and visit every place and clime inhabitable, and when we're tired of it all, we'll come back to these everlasting hills, that inspire men to be men indeed, and not soulless machines."

Three days later the artist descended the trail alone. Just where the shadows commenced, he turned and waved his hat to Jinny, who, standing in the upper sunlight, threw kisses down below. When he passed between the loamy fields on the lowlands, he found the billowy wheat had vanished, but the corn, no longer vividly green and tender looking, stood like a vast army, tall and straight, and the wind, with a ghostly sound, rustled over the tassled heads. The September days passed all too slowly for the girl, who counted the very hours and minutes until her lover's return. The twentieth arrived and with it Preacher Jim, who intended to spend three or four days among the mountain folk. The Mallorys were all anxious for the artist's return. Preacher Jim's time was up, but still he lingered, out of pity for Jinny, whose blue eyes began to wear a sad expression. "Stay one day more, Jim," she pleaded, "he'll surely come to-morrow;" and Jim stayed. It was late in the evening, and the family was assembled together in the general living room, listening while the preacher talked, when the door was gently pushed open, and the artist entered.

Preacher Jim stopped talking, and a general handshaking ensued. A radiant gladness had replaced the sadness in Jinny's eyes, as she stood beside the man who had come back to her. Aunt Huldy tried to have him rest in her easy chair again. But he assured her that he was not tired. "I brought my horse this time," he said. "I left him tied to a tree a little distance down the trail." "You've come back just in time," said the woman. "Preacher Jim will leave us in the morning, and won't come again until some time in November." "That being the case, mother, with your consent we will have a wedding here to-night," he answered. He took her hand and kissed it. "It's nice to call you mother," he said. "Your neighbors and friends will go on calling you Aunt Huldy, but after to-night you will be my mother." The woman caught her breath in a sob, as she softly laid a tender hand upon his arm. "Bless your heart," she said, "I have loved you, as a mother loves a son, since the day you came among us, looking for a resting-place, on this mountain. Although you did not know it then, every home along the old trail would have received you gladly, for nobody here-abouts ever turns a stranger away. But I'm sure glad that you stopped with us." "I was a stranger, and ye took me in," quoted the artist, softly. "Listen, dear friends: I have reached the Delectable Mountains, and found my contentment. When I started out to find them, I was tired of men and things. But the sublime influence of these hills wrought a change in me, for they spoke to me out of their grand beauty of God and Heaven. Here I found a people who held out to all the right hand of fellowship. Here I found my heart's delight in the sweet girl whom I love. So here I have come to live, where life is wholesomely pure and good, and here, high up on the old trail, I'll paint my pictures with a truer in-

spiration than ever before, and live as my neighbors live around me, for the good that I can do." "Amen," said Preacher Jim.

Then hand in hand the girl and the man stood before him, while he uttered the words that bound them to each other, as long as life should last.

ON THE TRAIL

Her lover, Autumn, came seeking her face,
To find his Summer flown: "Give chase! give chase!
She is not far: upon her flying track,
Loose the wild fleetness of my faithful pack!"
He plucked a rose—the last she wore—and bent
To give the sniffing Winds the trailer's scent:
They're off, they're off in bounding leap on leap!
They have the trail—hark to their baying deep!
Whining, they pause and turn: alas, she crossed
The running stream of Time: the trail is lost!

—Ada A. Mosher.

White Springs, Fla.

ENORMOUS FORTUNES A MENACE TO THE DEMOCRACY OF CIVIL LIBERTY

By MAJ. JAMES McCARTY

DANIEL Webster, as the exponent of constitutional liberty, said that, "the greed and selfishness of a moneyed aristocracy and the concentration of great wealth in the hands of the few caused the downfall of the Roman Empire." "Liberty cannot long endure in any country where the tendency is to concentrate wealth in the hands of the few."

It is a common error among the masses of our people, that the republican form of government established on the continent of North America, through the patriotism and self-sacrifice of the revolutionary fathers in their long struggle against the oppression of a foreign King, was an entirely new departure, and original in its guarantees of equal rights and civil liberty through a representative form of government.

Confiding in this delusion, we are tranquilized into a sense of security and contentment;—jealous only of maintaining this supposed original democratic establishment inviolate.

Even a superficial glance at the history of the governments of the past, however, quickly dispels our delusion of security. And in that record we find that the greatest progress in civilization and learning, and the grandest achievements in art and architecture by the races of mankind in the past, have been made under republican forms of government; for which thousands upon thousands of men had paid the sacrifice of their young lives to establish.

But, to even allude to instances of the downfall and decay of republics of the past, or to the influences which resulted in their undoing, would occupy a hundred times more space than can be allotted to this presentation.

We may, however, refer to a singular coincidence in the Florentine republic more than four hundred years ago, with what is now taking place in our own land.

Only last week, one of the leading magazines denominated J. Pierpont Morgan, who dominates and controls by his great wealth not only the great banking institutions of the country, but the government treasurer, if not the chief magistrate, as well, "the magnificent." This was the very appellation conferred on one of the Medici family whose influence in Florence was as absolute, and whose wealth was fabulous. There are other close similarities in the lives of those two men. Medici, like *Morgan*, preferred to be the "power behind the throne," to holding office. Medici revived the study of ancient classics in Florence and fostered in every way the taste for mental culture.—Both, munificent patrons of art and literature. Medici gave liberal support to a number of Greek scholars, and founded institutions of learning where the study of philosophy, Greek and Latin were pursued. In fact, the Medici family, in the fifteenth century, absolutely controlled, by the power of their fabulous

wealth, the doings and destiny of the Florentine republic; having influence enough to elevate one of their number to the Papal chair, as well as, directing to some extent, the conduct of Henry II. of the French Empire. And, like Mr. Morgan, had the good fortune to have a distinguished ancestry.

Mr. Morgan, like his prototype, has made munificent contributions to institutions of learning, and to hospitals for care of mothers and their offspring. His collection of paintings and other works of art are on exhibition in two continents, at a cost of millions of dollars. All honor to his noble qualities of manhood: for, we do not concur in the condemnation so frequently and flippantly pronounced against Rockefeller, Carnegie and scores of others, who have only done what ninety-nine men out of every hundred would do if environment, skill and opportunity obtained. Ours is an indictment of the ninety and nine, who have failed to exercise the right of suffrage in the direction to prevent the economic conditions which make it possible for an individual to acquire a fortune of hundreds of millions during the short space of thirty or forty years. And that, too, without developing, manufacturing or selling a single dollar's worth of the product of industry.

There is no excuse or justification for strikers' riots or any other action which tramples on individual liberty or the rights of property, in a commonwealth, where the laws of the land secures to the humblest toiler equal power, with the wealthiest citizen of the state, to shape and control the laws under which he is governed. Especially is this the case where he and his industrious associates are in a majority of over a hundred to one, as against the other fellow, who for centuries has shaped the laws governing the economic transactions of the race, so as to enable him to speculate out of his fellow-man by controlling the tool of trade,—the medium of exchange which is the life-blood of commerce and industry.

In the Florentine republic the right of suffrage was limited. To what extent we need not, now, pause to investigate; for, we are dealing more particularly with the sequel; or, rather, the disastrous consequence resulting to the Florentine republic from the great wealth and influence of Medici. This, notwithstanding his munificent gifts to promote art and mental culture as well as his assistance rendered to secure for Florence her enviable position among the nations in the enjoyment of unequaled prosperity. And while these virtues must be conceded to him, impartial history records that he totally extinguished individual liberty and republican freedom in Florence; and finally succeeded in breaking down every vestige of constitutional independence that had existed in the Republic.

It does not mitigate or remedy the record of his wrongs in the downfall of the Republic, that he was subsequently deposed from all power by the time the republican spirit of the common people was utterly crushed through the aid and intrigue of Charles V. That record of crime and disaster, resulting from this single instance of concentrated wealth is appalling. And, notwithstanding the unexampled devotion and bravery on the part of the yeomanry of Florence against the invasion of the imperialists, the sun went down on the eighth of August, 1530, never to rise

again over the Florentine Republic.

The writer does not presume to have information as to how Medici acquired his untold millions of gold. He may have been a silent partner of Pizarro, who after accepting tons of gold, as a ransom for the life of Atahualpa, the last of the rulers of the noble Incas of Peru, killed him, just the same. But, the counterpart in our own history is in the list of "current events"; and we are, therefore, able to point out the source of gigantic fortunes; which will be done in the next presentation, in order to make more easily comprehended that branch of the subject which is of such momentous import to the lovers of law and liberty.

Consider for an instant, the spectacle of the Secretary of the Treasury of a great Nation, representing eighty millions of people whose suffrages are supposed to shape the destiny of an empire rolling in prosperity and wealth, going to the private library of a single citizen, because of his almost absolute control of the life-blood of commerce of this people, and begging his aid and assistance to keep us from ruin, and to conserve "the living of twenty-five millions of industrious men and women," which Senator Depew says, "was at stake." The reader has no doubt read the Senator's argument in the upper house of Congress, defending the financial system and its promoters; for it has been published broadcast all over the land at the expense of the Association. Reflect, also, on the attitude of four millions of people; populating the wealthiest city on this hemisphere, sending their Comptroller to the private office of this single citizen, to know whether he will condescend to aid the city in placing fifty millions of bonds on the market: Yet, that is an illustration of the economic condition under which the people of this Republic,—one of the successors to that Florentine namesake of the fifteenth century, are living to-day.

We refer to these recent events, not because any man or class of men have been injured thereby; but as evidence of a condition which forebodes danger to the perpetuity of civil liberty, no less in this Republic than in her predecessor in the land of flowers in that not far distant century.

It seems to us advisable, in view of the momentous import of the problem, that we should not be deterred from presenting the issues to our fel low citizens, simply because able advocates of the system urge that theirs is the so-called conservative course, and that he who dares to point to dangers in the body-politic is designated by some ex-governor as, "the man on the barrel-head." And while all the conditions of advantage secured to their clients are denominated "safe and sane," the other fellow will be called an agitator; forgetting that Patrick Henry, Wendell Phillips and Abraham Lincoln were called Agitators.

Gentle reader, there is no new theory in this problem. You simply have to start out in the investigation with a realization of the fact, that for hundreds of years, even before Jacob influenced the cattle of Laban to produce their young "ringed-streaked and speckled," and thereafter ran away with the young herd, together with Laban's daughters, man has ever sought gain by speculating out of his fellow-men.

AN EVERYDAY GIRL WRITES ABOUT EVERYDAY LIFE IN AN EVERYDAY TOWN TO HER SISTER IN NEW YORK

By JEAN McLEAN

FIRST LETTER

Miss Katherine Ledbetter
Harllee,
Columbia University,
New York City.

My Dear Kittiekins:

Mother says you are fussing sinfully because my epistles to you have been exceedingly few and far between—to be exactly truthful, scarce, for I haven't written you but once, have I, and then about that shopping I wanted you to do? By-the-way, am ever so much obliged for the gloves—they were exactly the right shade and the Club reception was quite grand—you know I wanted them for that.

To return to the point, mother declares your ladyship is eagerly clamoring to know every blessed speck of village news, from how many teeth the Reamer baby proudly possesses to who the new preacher is liking, and what color Mrs. Brown's frock is. The very idea, Katherine Ledbetter Harllee, of a young person who is endeavoring to absorb as much mental culture as you are at present, still yearning for information concerning the very limited interests of we country crackers! I'm downright ashamed of your low-mindedness, sister mine! No! No! Honey, I'm not! I was just joking, you know, and if by any chance you *had* managed to let all of us down here conveniently slide from your memory, I'd be absolutely disgusted with your progress—at least, in that direction—and I'd want daddy to make you cease such "larnin" at once, lest you be eternally ruined.

Which reminds me—if your ladyship will kindly permit a slight digression from the weighty subjects upon which she seeks information—that the other day old Major Melton stopped at the door to inquire after you, and when I'd finished my spiel concerning your illustrious (?) achievements, he struck his cane sharply on the steps, his white mustache fairly bristling, and exploded muchly "Yes, here's Kate gone way up to New York, spending all this time and money—and yes, strength, too—getting so much book-learning in her brain, and then, bless my soul, if she won't turn right 'round and marry some worthless fellow who doesn't even know who discovered America! It's all foolishness! Perfect foolishness, I tell you! Mark my words—advanced education wasn't meant for women!" I laughed outright at his pretended wrath—you know his bark is lots worse than his bite—and away he marched down the street, still grum-

bling as long as I could hear him. So I'm giving you his solemn warning. Isn't he an old-fashioned dear? Guess you got the flowers he sent on your birthday.

To return to my very good excuses—how many times have I already wobbled away from them?—for not writing, they consist simply of a plea as old as the hills and as truthful—because haven't found a chance. For know, oh Miss City Lady, that you are by no means the only onliest person leading a strenuous existence—though believe that is commonly supposed to be most characteristic of your—how proprietary! —metropolis, as I never have one single minute to spare. Of course that may sound like a fairy tale to a New Yorker, but as Hannah Jane says, "hit sho am de truf." I do *nothing* all day long—nothing that really counts, that is—and yet some way I manage to do it just as hard as ever I can! Talk of lazy Southerners—such articles don't exist here.

Do you know, Kit, I'm just realizing that there are some decidedly distinct disadvantages about being the supposed-to-be loafing member of a family. For instance, nobody ever thinks of asking you or Nan to do extra things, because you teach, or at least you did, and Nan still works away at helping the "young idea to shoot." But poor me! I'm liable at any hour of the twenty-four to be called on for every imaginable sort of stunt under the shining sun, from running a Christian Endeavor meeting at five minutes' notice to doing the society act, in my very bestest toggery and grandest manner—isn't it a joke?—of entertaining the high and mighty guest of honor at some dinner which is given for him—or worse still, her—as the case may be! Ting-a-ling goes the 'phone forty times a day, and a tremor actually runs over your usually composed sister's nerves before she takes down the receiver, lest some new performance may be desired.

Already this fall have I taught four separate and distinct grades in the schools, for sick teachers—when teaching is my pet abomination, mind you, but now I'm the proud possessor of sufficient pedagogical yarns to out do even you, Kit!—kept public library a couple of days for the librarian to visit a sick brother, stayed in dad's office till he could find a new stenographer, his old one having departed without leave or license or so much as saying "Please your honor;" actually managed to keep the house going and the family's mouths filled—at least, haven't yet noticed any of them looking like famine sufferers! Have done a goodly quantity of Civic League work on our badly kept streets, run my Boy's Club, scribbled enough to fill my weekly page in the Sun, kept my social duties fairly paid up—and we've lately had a perfect deluge of brides and their attendant festivities—created my garments with my own head and hands, and oh lots and cords of other jobs too small to mention. Now, oh now will you cry enough and admit that your oldest sis is, to put it modestly—ahem!—somewhat versatile as to occupations? And that New York dwellers are not the only busy folkses? Say "yes" quick or I'll make you endure some more of my—er—doings.

Of course all these things do seem mighty small in comparison with yours, but then I'm real glad to have my hands and brain filled by them. They keep me out of mischief—from

longing for unattainables. You know, or rather you don't know, because I've hardly ever bothered you with my serious thoughts, girlie, that I, too, had my ambitions, and used to want to do things—big things—when I first left school. But my crazy eyes knocked up all that. Perhaps *it*—the trouble was a blessing, after all, though it certainly looked like anything else to me at the time—for my enforced idleness taught me to know my fellow townspeople with whom my bookish, intolerant young self had seldom bothered, and to find out how really worth cultivating they were.

Have decided that the little every day things that need doing right here in Chenoweth are the work for me, even though they don't seem so big in the world's eye. There are always plenty of people to do the things that sound big, you know, so I've found "wherein to be content."

* * * * *

To go into the details of my past months, upon which you insist, let me see if I can actually begin at the very beginning and tell you all the happenings in their right order,—a logicial process of which daddy wickedly declares no women, and especially his impetuous daughters, are capable. Well, we'll see, and if my pen travels widely, as ideas happen to pop into my brain, why you'll just have to travel, too. A trip taking in the—er—wondrous length and breadth of Chenoweth can't be so very extended, can it?

In the first place—that surely is the proper start!—early this fall the soul of Miss Gray—she's the new librarian of the public library and she's fine, though I do tease her shamefully—was stirred with a burning zeal to civilize and bestow mental attainments, generally, upon we poor heathen of this benighted village who had not previously had our shortcomings in that direction so plainly revealed! The result of her ardor is the formation of so many, many weekly classes that it takes all my spare minutes to keep up with them, do barely enough parallel reading to skim along, and retain Miss Gray's good opinion.

So our primitive simple life has most decidedly been abandoned and we are now rushing around in a strenuous existence exactly like every modern club woman in all other up-to-date places. I get downright amused, sometimes. Of course it's the usual thing everywhere else, but in Chenoweth—Well, you know how out-of-place new things seem. Though the classes are wonderfully stimulating and I've truly gotten lots from them, yet some way am kind of sorry, after all, that this state of affairs has come to pass. For Chenoweth's dear old-fashionedness and repose, its dignity and absolute lack of anything even faintly approaching hurry, have always been its chiefest charm.

And now all that belongs to the historic ages. It used to be, you remember, that when people wanted to entertain they asked you to spend the whole day, or come to tea, and now receptions galore are the rage, where you run in and shake hands with your hostess, are shoved on in the dining room for an ice and out through another door all in the space of about forty winks—kind of moving picture procession. *Will* you tell me what hospitality there is in that? Maybe I'm a misguided mortal, but it seems utter foolishness to me—perhaps all right in other places, but sadly out of place here.

Also any time you look out on the public square you may behold a nervous looking woman, note-book in hand, hurrying and scurrying along towards the public library, there to absorb countless volumes. Just wait, unbeliever, till you perceive this new order of things! Of course you can't ever believe till you really and truly see with your eyes, and hear with your ears, like the piece of sky which once fell on Ducky-lucky's doubting self. Don't you remember that little old jingle that Mammy 'Ria used to say to us?

Well, everything must change but I hardly thought Chenoweth would ever fall in line, did you? Of course that sounds absurd—like we dwelt in the Middle Ages, eh?—but nobody can understand who has never breathed this rarefied atmosphere, can they? And the whole place is fairly alive with strangers, too. You recollect what wild excitement the appearance of an "unknown" whom nobody could identify, used to create, and what countless questionings, whispers and conferences there would be behind his back, clear on the whole length of Main Street, as he proceeded on his way. Why, we actually knew every pickininny's face, didn't we? Mrs. Grant used to say that the very best thing about the lovely trips she and the Judge were in the habit of taking was getting home again and having the darkies sing out, "Howdy, Miss Grant, how you?" She declared it made her feel so important!

Now the congregation on Sunday is about half composed of unfamiliar faces, brought here by the new lumber mills. And this is progress! A boom! Between you and me and the gate-post, let me whisper that it isn't at all to my liking, but I try hard to keep my old-fogyism to my ain selfie, while everybody smiles happily at everybody else, congratulating each other on Chenoweth's new hustle.

A new church is the war cry, too. Just as if this one isn't much more dignified and reverent looking, with its massive white pillars—and possesses quantities more associations, too—than one of these shiny, frivolous, opera-house sort of affairs, Ugh! Guess we'll progress to that soon! I get downright provoked every time the matter comes up in conversation, for it's nothing less than a burning shame to tear down this splendidly built house of God, which is plenty large enough for our congregation, just to cater to the American craze for newness. Don't you think so, Kit? You'd better agree, mademoiselle, if you want me to make that waist for you next week.

Mr. Hall says my curiously unprogressive views are decidedly more suitable for a spinster of eighty than twenty-four,—wonder how he found out my age?—and whenever I go off on a tangent and give forth a free lecture full of my remarkably stale ideas—for instance, when I solemnly declared that the worshipful spirit only comes upon me at one identical spot in this whole wide universe and that being the very end seat in our pew in this beloved old church—he puts up his glasses and surveys yours truly as if he was making the acquaintance of some new and freaky animal. I really get on my high horse sometimes just to upset his nerves. Did anybody inform you that he is from the West, where of course all is new, and so simply can't understand the bred-in-the-bone notions of we creatures of habit who dwell in the most conservative of old

Southern towns? Hasn't he your deepest sympathy not to have been born in Chenoweth?

To jump from public to private woes—you see my trials and tribulations are many, honey, because of my same old desire to have a finger in every pie—have you yet been regaled with a chapter of my domestic ups and downs? 'Cause they'd fill an entire volume, all by themselves. I can now sit and swap experiences about the all-absorbing servant problem with any of these gossiping old housekeepers, and you remember how I used to poke fun at any woman of average sense who could so degenerate as to actually let herself entertain callers with such tales. Well, the joke is surely on me, as the boys say, for since mother's health is so frail, on my small shoulders has fallen the entire management of the house, which is just lots harder than getting any sort of double extra degree from Columbia University, let me assure you! My respect for a woman who can successfully make a house's machinery run smoothly is infinitely greater now than that for the dean of a woman's college, or any other sort of prominent female educator! And fear me that my recently acquired flesh—for have actually left witch's weight far, far behind, and moved up to the noble number of one hundred and three weighty pounds—will soon depart if my passing procession of housemaids doesn't soon cease. It's a blessed mercy that Hannah Jane, with all her highly original crankiness, is a fixture as cook, for am absolutely worn to a thread with endlessly trying new girls, some of them as green as grass. There's a riddle for you, by the way.

"ANY TIME YOU LOOK OUT ON THE PUBLIC SQUARE"

Question, can anything be green and black at the same time? My most emphatic answer is that it can be very much so in the South!

Our latest acquisition in that line is a choice specimen from the farm—I got tired of trifling town darkies—who rejoices in the remarkable name of Aurilla. Jack declares it should be Gorilla instead, and we've decided that possibly he was about right, since the other afternoon when an Italian with a hand organ and a monkey came upon our lawn, and mother kindly sent Aurilla out to behold, since she's never before seen such a thing. Well siree-bob-shoo-fly, you can believe me or not, but it's the gospel truth that that monkey the very minute he caught sight of our farm damsel immediately stopped his dancing on the piazza floor and took straight after the girl! With a wild screech of fright right over the balusters she dropped and made a regular bee line around the house for the refuge of the kitchen, creating quite a commotion when she plumped down without any warning among the inevitable crowd of small boys who had gathered to watch the monkey! Think one or two were somewhat battered by her unexpected descent, but they all forgot their bruises and joined in the laugh at her performance. So we are now persuaded that she must be the missing link which Jack's nickname suggests, and that Mr. Monkey undoubtedly recognized her as a near kinsman.

Any way, though she didn't know a blessed thing at first—brought the biscuits to the table all huddled up in her arms against her waist, without a single sign of a plate, mind you, one memorable day when Hannah Jane was sick and I left Aurilla to take up the dinner alone, after I'd cooked it—yet she has made a fairly good house-girl. Of course she isn't exactly ready to take her degree in that line, or to adorn the Waldorf-Astoria, yet you can't expect perfection. Darkies are just human, like we are, only without our opportunities. Aurilla's most heinous sin is that she will laugh at things we say while she is waiting on table, and the Harllee family simply can't cease joke-telling. After her spell of giggles—or snorts—she invariably bolts for the door and then I have to ring the electric bell nearly off before she can muster up courage enough to come back and face us.

And she insists and persists upon rustling around the table with quite an elegant swish of silken petticoat under a flaming red calico frock, even though we happen to be entertaining the most important company imaginable! Sometimes her antics give me the inside chuckles terribly, but never by even the faintest flicker of an eyelash do I show my amusement to our guests; letting them think—particularly the Northern ones—that she's quite the properly ideal sort of servant, when they've probably heard wondrous tales of our well-trained uncle Remus-looking sort of butlers, who only exist in books. Her beloved silk skirt, let me explain, was bestowed by me once when she refused to stay here over Sunday, even though we had a whole regiment of guests staying in the house. Her brother came for her, as usual, late Saturday afternoon, and home she declared she must go, in spite of all mother's remonstrances. You see that's the trouble of being half-way decent to your servants, because she'd always been allowed to go when we didn't specially need her.

So in dire distress mother came up to my room and tragically stated the case. I cudgelled my small amount of gray matter while sticking the final pins in my hair, then called Empress Aurilla up stairs and meekly inquired if she would condescend to entertain the remote idea of remaining for the consideration of one said-to-be-silk skirt? *Isn't* that an authoritative tone for a mistress?—but you know how they really rule us with rods stronger than iron. At the magic word silk she simpered, stuck one finger in her mouth and finally said "yes," so I pulled a disgraceful old thing out of my wardrobe and handed it over, immensely thankful to have it for such an emergency.

But from the signs of the times guess I'll soon have to begin the search for a new girl who may be endowed with even more idiosyncracies than this one. When Aurilla first came to stay with us she was such a shy—black!—gazelle that she couldn't possibly be induced to eat in the kitchen at the same time with our man—who is from the very same plantation, please your honor,—but insisted on sitting on the back steps till he'd finished, much to Hannah Jane's disgust at such timidity. But now he and she are billing and cooing at such a tremendous rate that I see my finish—a colored wedding in the air, and a new girl for me to get. Poor me! I have to be sorry for myself. For of course Mistah Johnson wouldn't think of letting her work afterward, at least till the honeymoon is over, and then, if he's like all the rest, he'll probably be a gentleman of elegant leisure, live on what she makes, and sing:—

"My girl wuk in de white folk's yard,
She bring me meat an' she bring me lard,
She bring me tukkey all fixed wid stuffin,
She thinks I'm wukkin' but I ain't doin' nuffin,—
Ain't I foolin' her?"

Aren't darkies just spoiled children, after all, and isn't it a wonder that we patiently put up with their ways as much as we do? Case of necessity, though, eh?

Talking of that reminds me of a saying of Frank's, that mulatto boy Helen has. The other day some oysters in the shell were sent them by a friend on the coast, and the bivalves arrived while Helen's mother had gone to attend a funeral. Helen and Frank immediately proceeded to cover the top of the kitchen range with oysters, and were having the time of their lives watching them pop, and then doing the opening. Frank is just a youngster. With shining eyes he exclaimed joyously, "Say, Miss Helen, you an' me is habin' mos' as good er time as Miss Emma at de buryin', aint we?" You

"The Church, with its massive white pillars and quantities of associations."

know to a darkey's mind a funeral is the very highest possible form of dissipation, infinitely more to be desired than a wedding, even!

When Helen went to visit Rob's people in Boston last month she took a girl named Lucinda as little Bob's nurse, and when they got back I questioned Lucinda as to how she liked the center of culture. "Liked it fine, ma'am," she answered, her white teeth shining as she laughed, "Dey's got eberyting up North what heart could wish fur, cept biscuits an' religion!" So you can tell that to your New York friends, if they like a joke—and have a sense of humor.

Kit, do tell me, do people there keep worrying and worrying you to tell them your ideas as to the best solution of the race matter? I never have any views on the negro question—never even give it a thought—till I go North, and then am speedily compelled to evolve some out of nothingness in order to be able to answer a very few of the multitude of questions that are fired at me. The winter I spent with the Athertons my life was nearly pestered out of me.—As soon as folks were introduced they immediately ejaculated somewhat after this set fashion —"Ah, you are from the South, Miss M", exactly as if I was some strange animal on exhibition: "Then what do you think of the negro problem, may I ask?" They didn't even say "darkies" or "colored people" like we do. I wonder if they realize how mad it makes our colored brethren and sisters to be spoken of as "negroes?" In vain did I often and hotly protest that I'd never considered the matter, at all—that we just went along living with the darkies and doing the best we could for them, day by day, because many of the old ones were loyal and trusted servants — but the seekers after knowledge invariably listened to my statement with an unbelieving air as if they privately thought I had loads of secret theories locked away in a hidden corner of my brain, and just wouldn't bring them forth to the light of day from pure contrariness! Their attitude is downright amusing, isn't it, or have you yet run across any such folkses yearning to be enlightened?

Kathy, you can't imagine, honey, how immensely relieved I am that you've taken "high life" so sensibly and are already tired of it. Last summer when you were trying to decide what university to enter for your winter's work I almost hoped you'd prefer any other to Columbia on account of the Atherton's living in New York, but didn't say a single syllable because after my winter with them it would have seemed downright mean to grudge you the glorious time I knew you were dreaming of having. That's why I told you before you left home not to try to mix books and them. Of course I wanted you to have fun—the right kind—with the right kind of people who have the same ideas of life that we possess—of its being intrusted to us as something to use nobly and well, and our stewardship to be accounted for, not just to be frittered away in foolishness. Their ideas do dazzle you just a wee bit, at first, but I knew your practical little head would soon see things as tney really were. The Athertons were simply the loveliest people in the world to me, and I'm very fond of Sally—can never, never, do half enough to repay all their goodness—but their views of everything are not the leastest bit

sane, it seems to me. Why, with their money and advantages they could do so much—that's really worth while—instead of spending their days in an endless social whirl with the stupidest people imaginable, who talk of nothing elevating or funny. The men—the young ones—I didn't get on well with at all, and no wonder, for if I was a man and had one spark of either manliness or energy I would not waste the ability which the Lord had given me in flying around to continual house parties or tagging after women who discuss nothing but scandals, divorces, etc.! It seems a criminal waste and no wonder, Mr. Atherton declares, when he comes to Chenoweth, that we are the happiest people he knows, because we are contented. Well, I wouldn't swap my home and my ideas for all Sally Atherton's French maid, Parisian frocks—gowns, I should say—automobiles, etc. Would you? So you are wise to tell them that you appreciate their kindness, but you can't go down to their house but very seldom.

Good night, and lots of love from a grumbling, fussing sister, who means it all for your good and whose name is JEAN.

—

(In her Second Letter the vivacious Jean will tell her sister of her tribulations concerning Incubators, will give a glimpse into factory conditions in South Carolina, will tell of a visit to Charleston, and show us a charming picture of family life in an Old Time Plantation Manor House.)

COURT HOUSE ON PUBLIC SQUARE

WHY REFORMERS CANNOT SAFELY SUPPORT WM. J. BRYAN FOR PRESIDENT

By ALBERT GRIFFIN

SOME of William J. Bryan's friends cannot understand why many lifelong economic reformers are unwilling to join the Democratic party to help nominate and elect him president. And, as I am one of those who supported him heartily in 1896, but lost confidence in him—*as a leader*—I wish to give your readers some of the reasons why I cannot accept him as a standard bearer.

I cheerfully admit that he is a very able man; that his character is unblemished; that he desires the betterment of human conditions; that he will do nothing he believes to be wrong; that he has the courage to fight for his convictions whenever and wherever he thinks the best interests of humanity will be promoted by his doing so; and that the mere fact that his opinions have changed more than once is no discredit—for change is sometimes evidence of growth. But his record indicates that he lacks that fundamental and essential element of statesmanship, "foresight"—ability to forecast the probable effects of measures and acts. This is proved by the lamentable mistakes he has made—and is still making.

I.

I was a member of the Silver Republican Convention that nominated Mr. Bryan in 1896, and attended some sessions of the Populist Convention, which also nominated him —after a heated debate, followed by an agreement that its middle-of-the-road wing might put the name of Thomas E. Watson on its ticket for Vice-President, instead of the unknown goldite, whom the Democrats had nominated. Unfortunately, Mr. Bryan refused to accept their nomination, and his campaign managers positively insulted the several hundred thousand electors who wished to vote for Mr. Watson.

His position was a difficult one, but subsequent events have proved that he acted more unwisely than he need to have done; and the cause of economic reform has never recovered from the effects of his short-sightedness—*his inability to view the subject from any but a purely partizan standpoint.*

Nevertheless, in spite of this subordination of the interests of the reform Cause to those of his party, every Democrat who could, *in any way,* be influenced by the plutocrats, their allies and henchmen, voted against Mr. Bryan that year—the most of them for Mr. McKinley. Every bimetalist member of other parties who could in any way be misled or controlled by the corporations also voted against him. Yet he received a large majority of the votes actually cast, and was counted out by dishonest officials—many of whom were not Republicans. Some

of the facts about this election may never be proved, but evidence of the truth of this statement accumulates.

That Mr. Bryan (who six months before was an almost unknown man) had so large and enthusiastic a following proves that he struck a popular chord. That chord was the keynote of his campaign—that more money was imperatively needed; and that all money should be made by the Government, and issued directly to the people. Therefore, it seems to me that, if he had been a statesman he would have held to that issue—and I feel sure that, if he had done so, he would have been elected in 1900, in spite of the sad mistake referred to above. How so able, honest and altruistic a man could fail to see this is incomprehensible. Yet he did not; but, instead, soon weakened on this very question, and his utterances on it grew fewer—and fainter and fainter.

This was at the very beginning of his "national" career. He has now been under the limelight for twelve years, and the one thing the facts make most clear about him is that, even then, his interest in the Democratic *party* was greater than his interest in the reforms he advocated. He accepted as running mate (who was to fill his place if he died, even the day after his inauguration) a known *enemy* of those reforms. He not only refused to countenance the casting of votes for him with a known reformer for the second place, but, without protest, allowed his party managers to treat the friends of that reformer with contempt. This certainly indicates that he was more anxious to placate the enemies of reform than to unite its friends. Nor has he given any evidence that he even yet realizes the unwisdom of this course.

II.

In 1896, the names of Bryan and Towne headed the editorial page of my paper for several months; and they were taken down, as stated at the time, only because, instead of urging all Democrats to help make the Democratic party such an one that reformers in other parties would be strongly attracted to, and reactionists repelled from it, Mr. Bryan appeared to be bending all his energies, publicly and privately, to inducing the goldite deserters from its ranks to resume their old places—and I then expressed the conviction that, if he succeeded in this, they would ultimately control the party.

In 1900, I spent several days in Kansas City when the Democratic Convention was in session; and it was evident to all dispassionate observers that, although three-fourths of its members had been chosen as Bryan men, a majority of them would have nominated someone else—if they had dared. Even as it was, a large part of them neither expected nor wished his election.

They knew that many of those who supported him in 1896, wished the nomination of Mr. Towne for Vice-President—and that Mr. Bryan himself was supposed to desire it—yet, even the Kansas delegation was inclined to urge the nomination of Dave Hill; and the Convention finally nominated the man who was vice-president when Cleveland forced through Congress the Silver Purchase repealing act—and who made not the slightest effort to prevent the perpetration of that economic crime.

The party platform was also made unsatisfactory to all economic reformers except rock-ribbed Democrats. And this was done not accidentally, but *intentionally*. Its framers endorsed remonetization, in a perfunctory way, but would have omitted the ratio if Mr. Bryan had not declared that if it was not included he would refuse to run. And to show the goldites that it was put in under compulsion, they carefully had it adopted by only half a vote—cast by a delegate from Hawaii, two thousand miles out in the ocean!

Between 1896 and 1900, the Democrats did *absolutely nothing* in the States they controlled to indicate that their party really favored reform. And this fact, in connection with the demonstration that the reactionists controlled the party machinery, made it so difficult for many of us to support Mr. Bryan, even after a Populist Convention had endorsed him, that I did not do so until the campaign was half over—and then under protest.

On his way to the National Convention, Boss Croker visited Mr. Bryan, and afterwards said that he had promised him that, if he should be elected, Tammany should control the New York patronage. But, having implicit confidence in Mr. Bryan's integrity, I gave no credence to this report; and, even when he was reported to have said, at a banquet in New York City, "Great is Tammany, and Croker is its prophet," I felt sure it was not true. However, it turned out that he had been correctly reported—and, consequently, the presidential place on my ballot was left blank that year.

Mr. Bryan could not have been ignorant of Mr. Croker's boast. But, even if there had been no such claim, he must have known that practically every New Yorker would accept that language as recognition of Tammany and its chief as the rightful representative of New York Democracy. And, if he said it with a knowledge of Croker's assertion, it was an endorsement of it.

Mr. Bryan was, even then, an experienced politician. On his feet, he is always cool and collected. He prepares himself carefully, speaks slowly, and knows exactly what he is saying.

Now suppose he had been elected, and had refused to recognize Croker as the mouthpiece of New York Democracy? The Tammanyites would have felt themselves betrayed—and every dispassionate man would have admitted that they had been.

But if, on the contrary, he had redeemed that promise, thus publicly made, the better element of the country, in all parties, would have denounced him for betraying the interests of the whole people—for paying his own political debts by sacrificing the interests of the Nation.

There was no necessity for this public laudation of a corrupt man and organization; and, even from a merely party standpoint, it was so unwise as to indicate a lack of that mental balance without which no executive officer is ever safe.

From a moral standpoint it was still worse—*indeed, absolutely inexcusable*—and, in one who admittedly "means well", it shows astonishing obtuseness. The "rum, romanism and rebellion," which, though uttered by another man, defeated Blaine, was trivial in comparison with this. That was a preacher's rhetorical alliteration, for which Blaine was not responsible, but this

was the utterance of the presidential candidate himself—and it put him in a position that made it absolutely necessary for him, if elected, *to betray some one.*

This is certainly an illuminating incident, and the more carefully it is considered—especially in connection with other parts of Mr. Bryan's career—the more light it casts on his mental and moral makeup, and the probabilities as to what he would do, and not do, if elected president.

On the Money Issue, his majority was so large that even a united Money Power found it difficult to safely count him out. But, between 1896 and 1900, *its organs* inflated the bugbear of "imperialism" into what purported to be a "portentous cloud," and the convention—with Mr. Bryan's consent—substituted this bogey for the Money Problem, as the *main issue* of the campaign.

He made out a strong case for "our little brown brothers," five thousand miles away in the Orient, and "the patriotic Boers fighting for liberty against the British," in South Africa, but the millions of unfortunate Americans,—whose cause he had so ably advocated four years before, and whose condition had not materially improved—were neither enthused nor comforted by this (shall I say shameful?) defection.

The result was that the Republicans did not find it necessary to either buy or bulldoze voters, or to corrupt officials. They had a walk-over. And Mr. Bryan emerged from the little end of the horn, apparently as serene and self-satisfied as ever—and unconscious that he was himself mostly to blame for this result.

Even with the help of the Money Power, Mr. McKinley would never have effected an entrance into the White House but for the pledge given in his platform favoring international bimetalism. Hundreds of thousands of Silver Republicans believed he was a bimetalist at heart, and would do everything he could to secure it. But, when the Wolcott Commission went to Europe, and it became known to those behind the scenes that there was really a prospect of obtaining it, the president not only failed to give the Commission proper support, but, on the contrary, by an uncalled for message to Congress, and a letter or speech to a New York goldite gathering, and in other ways, deliberately (wickedly) made its success impossible, by practically notifying European Nations that he had sent that Commission on a fool's errand.

These astonishing facts could have been used with tremendous effect, preceding and during the campaign of 1900—but Mr. Bryan failed to appreciate their value, and seemed to soon forget them. Does not this show a surprising lack of political sagacity—and something more?

III.

After his disastrous defeat in 1900, Mr. Bryan pulled himself together; smoothed his political clothes; took account of party stock; once more charged his defeat upon the gold Democrats; and recommended the old game of "harmonizing the party" *by strengthening its disorganizing element*—and it was not until a short time before the convention of 1904 that he realized he was himself in danger of losing even nominal control of the party machinery. Then he began to fight—but it was too late. The Convention sat down on him—and sat hard. It nominated

the man against whom he had made his most bitter fight—whom he had denounced as unworthy, and entirely unfit for the position. And it adopted a reactionary platform against his most strenuous opposition.

Several courses were then open to him. He might have joined the Populists, and put new life into the party he had so nearly destroyed. He might have stayed at home, without voting. He might have kept quiet, but voted the ticket as "a good Democrat." Or, he might go back on all his previous utterances, eat his own words, and stump the country for the man whose unfitness he had himself so frequently and clearly asserted. And this last—the one that put him in direct conflict with all his previous utterances—was the one he adopted!!!

This was not statesmanship. It was not good politics. It was not common sense. And it proved that, with Mr. Bryan, *the party* was *still* the *first* consideration—as it was in 1896, and in 1900.

Undoubtedly, hundreds of thousands of his old followers, who would otherwise have repudiated Mr. Parker, were persuaded by him to "stick to the party"—not because the ticket was a good one, standing on a sound platform, but solely because it "is the ticket of *our party.*" But a still larger number of them repudiated him, and voted for Mr. Roosevelt, and other candidates.

IV.

After a period of self-gratulation over Mr. Parker's defeat, Mr. Bryan took a trip around the world, during which he was out of contact with the army of office seekers who had been using him for the promotion of their local aims. And, while thus freed, it appears to have dawned upon him that neither he nor his party could win by merely denouncing the Republican party for its failures and misdeeds.

When he landed in New York he seemed to be controlled by his own convictions—and, in his keynote speech, he committed himself squarely in favor of government ownership of railroads, and *against plutocratic control of the party, or government.*

He wished to detach his party from all corporation flesh pots. This was why he also wrote a letter asking, or suggesting, that Mr. Sullivan, the Illinois member of the National Committee, resign—on the ground that, as an employee of a great corporation enjoying special privileges, his political action was liable to be affected by his personal interests.

But Mr. Sullivan declined to do so. Then Mr. Bryan announced that if the Illinois Convention did not displace Mr. Sullivan, he did not wish its endorsement. Nevertheless, it reelected Mr. Sullivan, almost unanimously, and "enthusiastically endorsed Mr. Bryan."

His railroad proposition was severely criticized; he was urged to "drop it," in the interest of "harmony;" and, little by little, he hedged, and finally laid it aside—as he had formerly done the Money Question—as one "not now in issue."

On the Sullivan matter, he announced that his views were unchanged; reasserted that no party could be a reform party that allowed its machinery to be managed by beneficiaries of special privilege; but soon ceased to "harp on that string," and, a short time ago, at a banquet in Chicago, at which Mr. Sullivan

was one of the guests, the keynote of his speech was "harmony in the party"—and the morning papers announced that a reconciliation had been effected between these two leaders.

Next to his abandonment of monetary reform this is the most important surrender that Mr. Bryan has made. It is especially disheartening because of its moral character. It leaves him on a dead level with other shallow politicians, who are also personally honest and well meaning.

The platform adopted by the Nebraska State Convention is said to have been largely written by Mr. Bryan. It contains some good things, and some bad ones—but, from beginning to end, its phraseology is that of a politician whose chief purpose is to induce antagonistic elements to act together. It is entirely unlike the "Crown of Thorns" speech. There is no ring to it. And we are told that it foreshadows the one to be adopted at Denver—upon which all reformers will be asked to stand, and whoop it up, not only for Mr. Bryan, but for any corporation tool Wall Street may select for the second place, and also for every Democratic nominee for the lesser offices—without regard to their antecedents, character or known intentions.

This is to be the fourth presidential campaign with Mr. Bryan as the conspicuous figure on the Democratic side—and, in the first two, he was "It." From the delivery of his "crown of thorns on the brow of labor" speech, he has apparently believed that the reforms he favors can be secured only by the Democratic party; and has seemed blind to the fact that it has furnished little or no evidence—*anywhere*—that it is a reform party, *but a great deal that it is not.*

That it is divided into two hostile factions is notorious. It is well known that the number of its members that sympathize with, or are controllable by, the holders of special privileges is large—very large—and every thinker knows that no party can do effective reform work *while thus constituted.* And yet, during these twelve eventful years, Mr. Bryan has been *"a party man,"* first, last, and all the time, and a reformer only secondarily—and *contingently.* His advocacy of reform measures has been only where, and to the extent that, it seemed likely to promote the success of the Democratic party *in the immediate present.* When either had to take a back seat, it was the Cause instead of the party.

In 1896, the issue was the one in which great numbers of people *always* feel a lively interest—the Money Problem. Mr. Bryan's first speech upon it set the country on fire with hope; and the chief reason why its flames decreased so steadily after that campaign was that, instead of industriously feeding them, he worse than wasted time in trying to induce the goldites to come back into the party.

In the next campaign—under instructions, or by agreement—the first place was given to what is called "imperialism," whatever that may be.

In 1904, he urged everyone to vote for the nominee of the uncompromising enemies of every reform he had ever advocated—all in the interest of his party, *and of nothing else.*

Within a year, he has proposed—*and then abandoned*—two impor-

tant issues, viz.: government ownership of railroads, and the exclusion of the agents of corporations from all places of control in the party machine.

His last pronouncement—the Nebraska State platform—covers so much ground equally thick (or thin) that it is not clear what (if anything) he now most desires and intends. The difficulty is increased by the facts that it is clearest upon matters of least importance; that so many men have different things to say about what *he intends to do,* if elected; and that it differs from that of Mr. Taft chiefly in details—and antagonizes it only on minor matters.

But the most astonishing fact in Mr. Bryan's political career is his present attitude toward the Money Problem—the one on which he became a national figure. Its importance still overshadows that of all others; *never for a moment has it ceased to be of paramount importance;* and it never will until it is settled right. And yet, to him, it has become one of small consequence—a last year's bird's nest, as it were.

The proper settlement of this problem would make that of all the others comparatively easy—and, until it is settled, the most of the others cannot be.

Moreover, it can be settled more easily than any of the other principal ones. No amendment to the Constitution is necessary—only the election of a president and congress, *backed by a determined constituency.* Not a bond need be issued nor a tax imposed, and no person need lose a dollar of visible wealth. There would be no sudden revolution in business methods—for the necessary changes would be gradual, and could be checked or stopped at any time. And every forward step would necessarily permanently improve business conditions—by removing the principal cause of depression.

But, instead of advocating these reforms (as he once did so eloquently), Mr. Bryan now holds that the Money Problem is settled—and yet stultifies himself by advocating "government guaranty of bank deposits" and "emergency currency."

Nine-tenths of the deposits reported in banks are absolutely fictitious. They do not consist of *real* money, but are merely debts owed by bankers to people whose commercial paper they have bought—*but not paid for.* A guaranty of deposits would, of course, include these fictitious deposits (hocus pocus money), as well as those of real money; and a government guaranty would make the government a general endorser for the banks—*unless the people are to be deceived into thinking they are insured when they are not.* The idea that they can be made safe by nominally setting aside a small sum as a tax, is chimerical. In the end it would do more harm than good. The banks should take care of their own deposits and depositors—and the only possible way for them to make their depositors even comparatively safe is to gradually increase their cash reserves to 25 per cent.—which is the smallest ratio that reputable political economists say is sufficient for that purpose.

The Aldrich and Fowler bills provide for the issue of emergency currency by, or to, the banks; and Mr. Bryan's proposition is less objectionable than theirs mainly in that he

wishes it issued by the government independently of banks. *But the very idea of "emergency" currency is vicious.*

Enough money to enable all to exchange their services and products is a public necessity. The amount required is not yet known—and, under the present system, can never be ascertained. It is, however, generally admitted that there is not now enough—and, therefore, more is needed. Thinkers are also aware that the medium of exchange needs to be *constantly* increasing—*never* decreasing. Therefore, money once issued should *never* be withdrawn from circulation.

The proposition to *revive* business by increasing the volume of money and then *depress* it by taxing out of existence the money that revived it, is as wicked as it is unwise.

As the banks already have all the real money people are able and willing to deposit with them, they cannot increase their reserves without ruinously decreasing their so-called loans, unless more real money of some kind is provided by the government. It is, therefore, along these lines that Congress should legislate, instead of adopting the mere makeshifts that the bankers (and Mr. Bryan) are now urging.

The truth appears to be that our former standard bearer is still in the old rut of thought worn by those that regard money as a mere commodity. He has never reached bed rock, and, therefore, would not know how to even so much as *advise* as to the establishment of "a safe and sound money system." His views are nearer those of Wall Street than of Populism.

And the frequency with which he has changed on other important matters shows that he cannot be relied upon to carry out *any* line of policy—except that of "vote the Democratic ticket," regarless of who its candidates may be, or what they stand for.

Some may think I am unjust to him, but the changed tone of many of the organs of plutocracy indicate that his old enemies fear him less than they once did—much less—and that some of them even entertain the idea that he may yet become one of their agents.

I repeat that I do not doubt Mr. Bryan's wish to do right. He is admittedly a good man, at heart. But there never has been a public policy so evil in its effects that some intelligent and honest men did not endorse it. It does no good to denounce such men, but it would certainly be wrong to give them control of the government.

For these and other reasons, it seems to me that Wall Street can better afford to support Mr. Bryan for the presidency than can those who believe that it is the duty of the government to see that there is always enough money in circulation to enable all the people to exchange their services and products—and to prevent sudden variations in its exchange value.

But suppose I am mistaken as to Mr. Bryan, and that he should be elected president, *what could he do?* He would be almost powerless; even more so than Mr. Roosevelt—for his whole career shows that he does not possess the president's forcefulness and persistent adherence to principles. A large part of the Democratic senators, congressmen, and other officers, never have been, and are not now, reformers—and there is little reason to suppose that the

most of their successors will be. Too many of them have been, and will be, willing to *talk* reform to get office—and then make a bee line for the ante-chambers of the kings of finance. It can, therefore, be assumed as certain that there will continue to be enough of this kind in the two parties to render it impossible to enact the needed laws—even if Mr. Bryan were much more masterful and unyielding than he is.

There are a few prominent Democrats who are even more earnest advocates of economic reform than is Mr. Bryan himself—but much the greater part of those known as "Bryan men" are even more anxious to retain in the party as much as possible of the corporation element than he has proved himself to be. Indeed, a large part of his trusted lieutenants really care little or nothing about fundamental reforms—and some are at heart opposed to them.

Moreover, Mr. Bryan's whole career indicates that the mental make-up, prejudices, and trains of reasoning that have caused him thus far to sacrifice the interests of reform in order to preserve party harmony would convince him that it would be unwise to divide his party, at the beginning of his administration, "by insisting too strenuously upon immediate radical action."

It is, therefore, almost certain that little or nothing would be accomplished by him during a first term. And if, like Governor Hughes, he should tell the lawmakers that, if they did not yield he would appeal to the people, the plutocracy has the power to wreck the business interests of the country in such a way that the Democratic party would be held responsible—and he would not be given another chance.

AUNT MATILDY ANN

By FRED WALTER GOSHORN

Often when the busy day has run its weary course,
And ambles down the home-stretch like an unsuccessful horse,
'Sconced within my easy chair before a cheerful blaze,
'Tis then I dream of visions of my happy childhood days;
And I seem to feel the touches of a dusky "han' "
That once belonged to my old mammy—Aunt Matildy Ann.

Here upon the stream of Retrospection do I glide,
Enraptured by its current, overjoyed by its tide;
And I give my thoughts the oars, allowing them to row
On down this stream of memory to scenes of long ago—
And thus like a pilot do they take their trusty "stan' "
And steer me to the presence of my Aunt Matildy Ann.

And I see, all fashioned turban-wise, about her head
A blue bandanna handkerchief with polka-dots of red,
Which she wore with pompous carriage—yet with stately grace—
And under which I still can see the smile upon her face,
And the dear old loving look, so tender, soft and "ca'm",
That ever sparkled kindly from the eyes of 'Tildy Ann.

And I hear the singing cadence of her mellow voice
In hymns of praise to Him, the only Master of her choice,
As she, ever busy, went about her work all day:
And then do I remember how we children at our play
Used to pucker up our lips, and roll our eye-balls "an' "
Would imitate the manner of our Aunt Matildy Ann.

Dreaming thus, I see again the sleeping room upstairs;
And seem to see and hear my father teaching me my prayers;
Once again I see the little curtained bed where I,
Wrapped snugly in the covers warm, half frightened, used to lie
Listening to tthe ghost tales of a ghoulish, "spookish lan' ",
As told with awe and candor by my Aunt Matildy Ann.

Or, perchance, the picture next restored to mem'ry's eye,
On this enchanted visit, as my thoughts go rowing by,
Is a boy's small figure coming from the river's tide—
Bearing a "string" of cat-fish dangling proudly by his side—
To refresh his hungry stomach with "de bread an' jam"
Prepared and given to him by his Aunt Matildy Ann.

Or, perhaps, it is the boy grown older in a day,
And one who now would never spurn advances from his May;
Yea, would gladly pay a premium dared he even to
Approach that distant maid as boldly as he used to do;
But a youth who, although timid of his sisters, ran
Each day to have his fortune told by Aunt Matildy Ann.

Thus I spend the evening by the blazing fire, and see
The pictures and the places that are dearest unto me,
Till the embers fade away to ashes pale and white.
And leave a ghostly semblance of their former cheerful light;
Then my thoughts return to where they were ere they began
To take the pleasant voyage to my Aunt Matildy Ann.

And the visit now is ended, and I go to shore,
And leave this Fairyland that I, in fact, shall see no more,
But I tie the boat securely ere I cease to dream—
Anticipating many more such trips adown the stream,
Where the scenes are old but pleasant, and the breezes fan
The aching brow, and where I see my Aunt Matildy Ann.

O, there never was a feeling half as kind or true
Or steadfast as the friendship that we had between us two!
And there never was a friendship that could longer last,
Than this death-severed friendship of the distant years now past;
And I need not eat the lotus flower of far Japan
To dream of my lost friendship and my Aunt Matildy Ann.

O, her mother-like caresses were a balm indeed
To me, who had no mother to supply the childish need!
And her name is ever sacred to my memory!
And often when I'm worried and my mind is all at sea,
How the instinct of the boy returns to me, the man,
To seek my consolation in my mammy—'Tildy Ann!

IN THE CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT

The success of the JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE being now assured, we are offering a 3-year subscription at $3.

This offer admits of no commission and no premium, being personal to the subscriber.

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* * * *

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Back numbers for the whole year of 1907 can be supplied at 15 cents each, or $1.50 for the full set.

* * * *

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Mr. Watson has completed another book, a story of the Waterloo Campaign, which will be out soon.

See advertising pages for notices of Mr. Watson's new books.

* * * *

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* * * *

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* * * *

That we feel pretty good over the success of the two JEFFERSONIANS, you may well suppose.

An old dog does not always learn the new trick; and when we, at the age of fifty-one, set out to do what the magazine experts who had control of the New York *"Watson's"* failed to do, we realized the seriousness of the undertaking.

We attribute our success, in a great measure, to the earnest devotion and unshakeable confidence of friends throughout the Union.

The actual regular circulation of the two publications is 27,500. And we are growing at the rate of about 6,000 per month.

While this, as yet, is no record-smasher, it isn't bad for an old dog learning a new trick.

SOUTHERN AUTHORS AND THEIR BOOKS

By BELLE BODDIE

The literary market for spring was never more replete. And as a matter of fact, there was never a higher grade of books offered to a reading public.

Certainly it affords Southern people great pleasure and satisfaction to note that among the best books and among the best sellers, are books from the pens of writers from our own home-land, of some of which we will speak in this article and of the others later.

As a Georgian, it is with infinite delight, and pride, that we see the name of Lafayette McLaws chronicled as one of the most brilliant luminaries in the Southern coterie of literary workers now residing in New York City, that rendezvous for legions of literary celebrities.

Miss McLaws was born in Augusta, Georgia, and always lived there until after the death of her parents, when, upon the earnest solicitation of Mrs. Jefferson Davis, she went to New York to live, and until the death of Mrs. Davis, she occupied the same apartment with her in New York.

Miss McLaws comes of an illustrious ancestry, being the daughter of General Lafayette McLaws, one of the most loyal of Confederates; and on the maternal side, is a great-niece of General Zachary Taylor.

Though still a mere slip of a girl, Miss McLaws has written four books, all of which bespeak real literary genius.

"The Welding," her most recent production, is having, as it well deserves, a most tremendous sale. Her publishers, Little, Brown & Company, Boston, have this to say of the book: "An important new American novel by a writer whose Southern training and affiliations have afforded rather unusual opportunities for the study of conditions in that section. In following the eventful career of the hero, David Twiggs Hamilton, who receives his education through the generosity of Alexander H. Stephens, the author deals with the many events of historical interest before and during the Civil War, and gives intimate glimpses of such noble men as Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, Daniel Webster, Jefferson Davis, Alexander Stephens, Robert Toombs, President Buchanan, Abraham Lincoln, General Robert E. Lee, and General U. S. Grant."

"The Cotton Picker, and Other Poems" (the Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington), is a work of another Southerner, whose productions are classed as excellent. True it is, that they bear the impress of true poetical genius, combined with the inimitable flavor of our redolent and beautiful South. And to read it once, signifies that you will long to read it again.

Like the sweet old songs of home, these poems will appeal strongly to every Southerner, and serve to awaken many

thoughts tender and beautiful of our home-land.

"The Cotton Pickers, and Other Poems," is the work of a noted educator, as well as author—Professor Carl Holliday, who until recently was instructor of English Literature in the University of Virginia, and at present is head of the same department in the famous Cox Lollege, near Atlanta.

It is with gratification we note the same publisher has lately published the selected poems of the sainted William Grayson, the brilliant Charlestonian.

The verses were first given to the public by the author through the magazines and newspapers far back in the fifties.

And recently, his daughter, Mrs. William H. Armstrong, collected, as a labor of love, his best verses, and had them issued in a very attractive book form.

The book will mean a permanent source of delight in every cultured home.

Bearing upon the author and his work is this apt criticism by the Neale Publishing Company:

"William J. Grayson, student, patriot, statesman, poet, was a representative of that race of men who set high standards of patriotism, Christian manhood, morality and ethics. In temperament, genius and ideals, he was the forerunner of that period in Southern literature which produced Timrod, Paul Hayne, Hope, and Lanier.

William Grayson was born in South Carolina in 1788. He graduated from Columbia College, studied law, served his native State in the Legislature, and in Congress, and was subsequently appointed Collector of the Port of Charleston. His long life was replete with public honors and labors."

Another book of poems by a Southerner of marked talent is "Hymns of the Marshes," by Sidney Lanier, and published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

The book comprises four very beautiful poems that are as fresh and invigorating as the pure, crisp atmosphere of a bright spring morning in Georgia.

Regarding the work, the publishers say in their advance notes: "Among all the wild wood-notes of Sidney Lanier, fresh and precious as they are in American poetry, the 'Hymns of the Marshes' are perhaps the best."

The book is beautifully illustrated, and the scenes portrayed by poet and artist are regions of hill and dale in one of the most picturesque localities in Georgia, a section of country near Brunswick.

"Jenifer" (Little, Brown & Company), is the rather uncommon name of the latest novel from the facile pen of Lucy M. Thurston, author of "A Girl of Virginia."

Scenes and characters in the aforenamed book are of the mountain regions in North Carolina.

Interest centers around a boy who in early life possessed no financial means, or outlook; but as time went on he became prosperous, and finally immensely wealthy. And then what? Why instead of being happy, and dispersing happiness, and doing good with his fortune, he became inordinately selfish.

The love story is strong, thrilling, pathetic, and beautiful.

As a whole, "Jenifer" is a story portraying marked ability in character weaving, and is a volume brimful of spirited incident, force, and dash.

In Huntsville, Alabama, lives another young Southern writer of recognized ability, Miss Norah Davis, by name.

The title of her most recent work is "The World's Warrant." We all remember that she won renown as an author upon the circulation of her first story, "The Northerner."

Both of these books impress one in the initial chapters with the fact that the author has a story to tell—that it is, too, a story with a purpose—and that the purpose signifies a moral of worth.

Her characters are so intensely human that their like are recognized among nearly every one's acquaintances.

We find them possessing qualities, more or less, that are good, bad, strong, and fragile. And finally, we discover, when after we have read her books, that we just can't help loving the folks she portrayed, and entertain a real interest in them—actuated either by their strength, frailties, or beauty.

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